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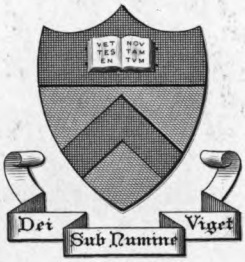


The poets' tributes to Garfield

Moses King

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Princeton University.

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FRANCIS LATHROP

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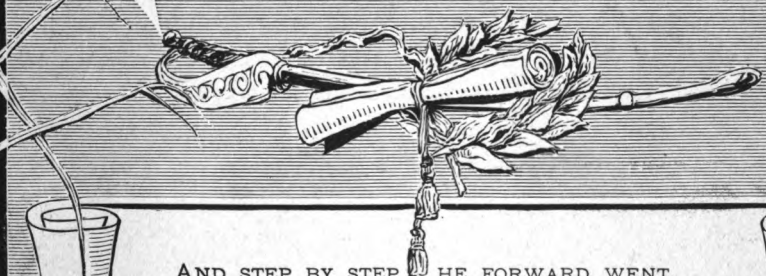

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THE POETS' TRIBUTES TO GARFIELD



AND STEP BY STEP HE FORWARD WENT,
UNTIL, ALAS! TO HEAVEN SENT!
HIS NAME AND FAME WILL LAST AS LONG;
AS BOOKS HAVE WORDS, AND BIRDS A SONG.

—WAKE HUBBELL, *Winton Place, O.*

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NOTE.

THIS collection of one hundred and sixty tributes results from a desire to reprint in book-form the twelve poems enterprisingly got together by the proprietors of the *Boston Daily Globe*. The intention was to print only the twelve from the *Globe;* but so many persons throughout this country and Europe had offered their tributes to the memory of our President, that the publisher decided to enlarge the volume, that it might better serve as a fair expression of the feelings of the American and kindred peoples at a time of wide-spread grief. The little volume now presented does not contain one half the number of poetical tributes already in print; but those it does contain are so numerous and so varied, and the authors' homes are so far apart, that the publisher hopes the collection will well serve its purpose.

Notwithstanding considerable effort has been spent in trying to obtain the authors' names and addresses, many could not be obtained; and so their verses have been reprinted without their having an opportunity to revise them. Most of the poems, however, have been revised by the authors, and, as a result, many differ from what they were when first printed.

Due credit has been given to original sources of poems in every case where it was known, or supposed. But as some newspapers clip from other publications, without credit, this collection, probably, has given credit in several cases, not to the publications in which the poems first appeared, but to those in which they were reprinted.

At the request of two of the authors, their poems were omitted; but nearly all who returned their proof-sheets have cordially approved and gratifyingly encouraged the publication of the collected poems.

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THE

POETS' TRIBUTES

TO

GARFIELD

A COLLECTION OF MANY MEMORIAL POEMS

With Portrait and Biography

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY MOSES KING
HARVARD SQUARE
1882

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"COMMEND me to the friend that comes
When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
The suffering of his own;
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
At pleasure's gay levee,
And comes to gild a sombre hour
And give his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er;
And when the task is done
He freely gives me all I ask,—
A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling face
When mine is touched with gloom,
But like the violet seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which like the pine on high
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But like the winter's icy crown
Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the flitting stork,
That seeks a southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.
Oh, such a friend! He is in truth,
What'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea.

— *Garfield's Favorite Verses.*

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INDEX.

		PAGE
ILLUSTRATED TITLE-PAGE		I
NOTE		II
GARFIELD'S FAVORITE VERSES		2
INDEX		3
PORTRAIT	Facing page	7
BIOGRAPHY		7
GARFIELD'S FAVORITE HYMN		21
AFTER THE BURIAL		22
THE TRIBUTES FROM THE POETS		25
POEMS WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE:—		
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES		28
JOAQUIN MILLER		31
H. BERNARD CARPENTER		33
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY		33
CHARLES TURNER DAZEY		36
JULIA WARD HOWE		37
KATE TANNATT WOODS		38
LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS		40
MARIE E. BLAKE		41
MINOT J. SAVAGE		42
FRANCIS A. NICHOLS		45
JOSEPH W. NYE		47
POEMS WRITTEN FOR OTHER PAPERS:—		
J. W. TURNER	*East Boston Advocate*	49
CALEB D. BRADLEE	*Boston Advertiser*	50
ERIC S. ROBERTSON	*New-York Herald*	51
CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES	*Boston Transcript*	51
ANONYMOUS	*London Weekly*	52
J. G. HOLLAND		52
ANONYMOUS	*Frank Leslie's Illust. Newspaper*	53
MRS. L. M. SWAN	*Boston Transcript*	54
GEORGE A. PARKHURST	*Lowell Weekly Journal*	56
D. GILBERT DEXTER	*Cambridge Tribune*	56
ANONYMOUS	*Boston Commonwealth*	57
HENRY C. DANE	*Boston Transcript*	58
SUSIE V. ALDRICH	*Boston Home Journal*	60
ANNA FORD PIPER	*Boston Transcript*	61

SEP 27 1910

(RECAP)

Digitized by Google

POEMS WRITTEN FOR OTHER PAPERS: —		PAGE
EMMA POMEROY EATON	*Boston Transcript*	62
D. P.	*The Capital*	62
H. L. HASTINGS	*Boston Journal*	65
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH	*Cincinnati Gazette*	66
DR. THOMAS H. CHANDLER	*Boston Transcript*	69
ANONYMOUS	*London Spectator*	69
ANONYMOUS	*Andrews' American Queen*	70
EVA MCNAIR PARSONS	*Louisville Courier-Journal*	70
WALT WHITMAN	*J. R. Osgood & Co.'s new volume*	71
ANONYMOUS	*Puck*	72
JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS	*Philadelphia North-American*	73
E. S. BROOKS	*Publishers' Weekly*	74
ARTHUR N. WILLCUTT	*Boston Post*	74
JOHN READE	*Montreal Gazette*	75
LILIAN WHITING	*Cincinnati Commercial*	76
C. H. C.	*New-York Tribune*	77
W. D. KELLY	*Boston Pilot*	79
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	*The Independent*	81
MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT		81
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH	*Harper's Weekly*	83
ANONYMOUS	*Springfield Republican*	84
GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP	*New-York Tribune*	84
HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN	*The Independent*	85
WILL CARLETON	*Farm Ballads*	86
MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER	*New-York Evening Post*	87
PAUL H. HAYNE		87
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN"		88
ALFRED NEVIN, D.D.		89
PROF. DAVID SWING		90
PROF. G. T. R. KNORR		90
CHARLES J. BEATTIE	*The Inter-Ocean*	91
ANONYMOUS	*London Punch*	91
ANONYMOUS	*London Punch*	92
PROF. THOMAS NELSON HASKELL		93
WAKE HUBBELL		94
FAY HEMPSTEAD		94
SARAH DE WOLF GAMWELL	*Springfield Republican*	95
THEODORE WATTS	*London Athenæum*	96
D. A. CASSERLY	*New-York Evening Mail*	96
BARRINGTON LODGE	*Albany Journal*	97
W. H. VENABLE		98
REV. W. C. RICHARDS	*Chicago Standard*	98
FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK	*St. Louis Republican*	99
EMILY H. LELAND	*The Wisconsin*	100
A. A. HOPKINS	*Rochester American Rural Home*	101

Digitized by Google

POEMS WRITTEN FOR OTHER PAPERS:—		PAGE
ELIZABETH YATES RICHMOND	*The Inter-Ocean*	101
ELLEN H. RUSSELL	*Troy Times*	102
O. EVERTS		103
CARRIE A. SPAULDING	*Springfield Republican*	103
JAMES B. KENYON	*New-York Home Journal*	104
W. E. M.		105
EDWARD F. HOVEY	*The Alta California*	105
LOUISE V. BOYD	*Indianapolis Journal*	106
W. E. PABOR	*Denver Republican*	106
J. E. FOX	*Chicago Times*	107
CHARLES J. BEATTIE		108
MINNIE B. NOYES	*Springfield Republican.*	109
SARAH J. BURKE	*New-York Tribune*	109
LEWIS J. CIST		110
S. L. LITTLE	*Providence Sunday Star*	110
MARTIN MACMASTER	*Atlanta Constitution*	111
L. D. COLE	*Boston Traveller*	111
T. W. PARSONS, JR.		112
MRS. M. E. W. SHERWOOD	*Boston Traveller*	112
MISS ARABELLA ROOT	*The Inter-Ocean*	113
BEN VAIL, JR.	*Washington Republican*	113
ANONYMOUS	*The Pilgrim Press*	114
E. P. PARKER	*Hartford Courant*	114
J. W. ROSS		115
ADDISON F. BROWNE	*Boston Traveller*	116
FLORENCE I. DUNCAN	*Philadelphia Press*	116
COL. W. A. TAYLOR		117
E. P.	*Denver Republican*	118
CHARLES L. HILDRETH	*New-York Evening Telegram*	119
ANDREW J. KENNEDY	*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*	120
E. C. POMEROY	*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*	120
CHARLOTTE L. SEAVER	*Buffalo Express*	122
H. S. M.	*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*	123
ELLA WHEELER	*Chicago Tribune*	123
ANONYMOUS	*Buffalo Express*	124
B. B.	*Cincinnati Commercial*	124
LINN BOYD PORTER	*Cambridge Chronicle*	125
CAPT. SAM WHITING		125
JOHN BANVARD	*New-York Mail*	126
GEORGE G. SMITH	*Springfield Republican*	127
ANONYMOUS	*Hartford Times*	127
REV. CHARLES H. ROWE	*Cambridge Tribune*	128
H. N. CLEMENT		129
REV. W. G. HASKELL	*Lewiston Journal*	130
MRS. NELLIE FREW MILLER	*Pittsburgh Gazette*	130

Digitized by Google

POEMS WRITTEN FOR OTHER PAPERS:—		PAGE
C. B. BOTSFORD		131
EDWIN DWIGHT	*Springfield Republican*	132
R. K. KERNIGHAM	*Toronto Evening News*	133
DR. ABRAHAM COLES	*Newark Daily Advertiser*	134
PELEG MCFARLIN	*Middleborough Gazette*	135
THOMAS MACKELLAR	*Philadelphia Times*	136
CHARLES G. FALL		137
C. B. BOTSFORD		138
C. A. L.	*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*	139
GEORGE FRANCIS DAWSON		140
J. W.	*London Graphic*	141
JOHN SAVARY	*Washington Gazette*	142
CLARA O. CASSELL	*Chicago Tribune*	142
GEORGE C. WOOLLARD	*Cincinnati Gazette*	143
GARLAND TURELL	*Cleveland Plain Dealer*	144
CAPT. HENRY E. MEAD, O.N.G.	*Christ Church Register*	144
T. G. LA MOILLE	*Cleveland Plain Dealer*	145
JOHN M. IVES	*Lockport Daily Union*	145
MRS. E. T. HOUSH	*Louisville Commercial*	146
W. J. H. HOGAN	*Chicago Tribune*	147
ANNIE D. DARLING	*Boston Transcript*	148
MRS. VIRGINIA DIMITRY RUTH	*New Orleans Democrat*	148
C. B. SCHLIE	*Cincinnati Enquirer*	149
KATHERINE HANSON AUSTIN	*Providence Journal*	150
ESTHER BERNON CARPENTER	*Providence Journal*	150
JOHN SAVARY	*Washington Gazette*	151
REV. JOSEPH A. ELY		153
JOHN SAVARY	*A volume of poems*	154
JOHN SAVARY	*A volume of poems*	154
JOHN SAVARY	*A volume of poems*	155
JOHN SAVARY	*A volume of poems*	155
JOHN SAVARY		156
W. E. H.	*The College Student*	157
WALTER KIEFFER	*Philadelphia Press*	158
ARTHUR WILKINSON BRICK		159
SARAH K. BOLTON	*The Independent*	160
REV. N. VANSANT		161
LUCY M. CREEMER	*New Haven Register*	162
WILLIAM T. HORNADAY	*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*	163
J. G. DE STYAK	*San Francisco Evening Call*	164
CHARLES J. BEATTIE	*Chicago Tribune*	165
HAROLD BOUGHTON	*Century [Scribner's] Magazine*	166
JOHN OWEN	*Boston Transcript*	166
LOUIS DYER		167
A. BRONSON ALCOTT	*Springfield Republican*	168

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J. A. Garfield

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THE POETS' TRIBUTES TO GARFIELD.

BIOGRAPHY.

FROM THE CRADLE.

A SCRAP OF GENEALOGY. — THE BIRTHPLACE. — FROM INFANCY TO BOYHOOD.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, the deceased President of the United States, was born in the little town of Orange, Ohio, Nov. 19, 1831, and came from New-England stock. On the paternal side his ancestry runs back to Edward Garfield, who in 1635 was recorded as one of the proprietors of what is now the town of Watertown, Mass. His mother was a descendant of one of those Huguenots whom the famous "Edict of Nantes" drove from their beloved France to seek religious freedom in the New World. From the Garfields he inherited physical and moral strength; while from his mother he received that intellectual vigor and those fine mental qualities which have marked in many generations the descendants of Maturin Ballou. President Garfield's birthplace was a log-cabin, in a wilderness some fifteen miles from that modest home which he left in order to take up his residence at the White House. He was the youngest of four children, who were left fatherless eighteen months after his birth. The widowed mother held her homestead farm, and her children together upon it. Thomas, the oldest, and the only other boy, was a manly little fellow, and did what he could to help, while the sisters also made themselves useful in the household. At the early age of three years James

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began to attend school in a little log-schoolhouse, the site for which had been given by Mrs. Garfield. He was an apt scholar, and at the age of eight years was a good reader, speller, and writer. Books were his delight; and among the works with which he became thoroughly acquainted during his boyhood were "Josephus" and Goodrich's "History of the United States." With the Bible he was familiar from the first; for Mrs. Garfield, a devoted adherent of the "Campbellite" faith, was fully mindful of her children's spiritual interests, and carefully implanted in their minds the truths of the Christian religion. He remained at home until he was sixteen years old, pursued his studies with as much vigor as ever, did chores about his mother's place, worked for other people as he had opportunity, and proved himself a capable and industrious lad. He was about seventeen years old when he finally started to enter upon the seafaring life which he had long dreamed of. Arriving at Cleveland, to ship before the mast upon some of the lake craft, circumstances compelled him to abandon the plan; and he was led to become a driver on a canal tow-path. As driver, and then as boatman, he worked on the Ohio Canal several months.

TO YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

OBTAINING AN EDUCATION. — CAREER AS A TEACHER. — THE FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH.

In March, 1849, young Garfield became a student in the Geauga Seminary, a Freewill Baptist institution at Chester. At the end of the term he worked at haying and carpentering. During his first year he paid all his expenses, and had a few dollars left. Teaching was his occupation during the interval between his first and second year at Chester; and as a teacher he proved himself a master in his school. It was one of those "district" schools, not yet things of the past, even in New England, the male pupils in which regard the teacher as a natural enemy. Garfield proved

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himself the physical as well as the intellectual superior of lads committed to his charge, and ruled them as well as taught them. After his course at Chester, young Garfield, in the fall of 1851, entered the Hiram Institute, where the course of instruction was considerably more advanced than any which he had yet taken. Devoting himself to his studies with the vigor which had marked his efforts thus far, teaching in the winters and keeping up his own work steadily, he found himself in June, 1854, not only ready to enter college, but to enter the junior class. He had paid his way, and had saved about three hundred and fifty dollars toward defraying his expenses at college. So he entered the junior class of Williams College, in this State, in the fall of 1854, and graduated in 1856 with the metaphysical honors of the class. He was now twenty-five; and, as the result of his constant self-denying toil of nearly twenty years, he had a collegiate education, a few threadbare clothes, a score or more of college text-books, his diploma, and a debt of four hundred and fifty dollars. He was at once elected teacher of Latin and Greek in the college at Hiram. The college was poor and in debt, but Garfield threw all his energies into the work of building it up. He soon became distinguished as a teacher, and students from far and near flocked to Hiram. In 1858, while teacher of Latin and Greek at Hiram, Garfield was married to Miss Lucretia Rudolph, his former pupil at Hiram and schoolmate at Chester Academy; and she soon proved herself a most efficient helpmeet. In 1856 young Garfield entered the arena of politics, becoming interested in the Kansas-Nebraska affairs. He ranged himself in the ranks of the Republican party, and became an earnest worker for its principles. His first political speech was made in Williamstown, in 1856, just before he left college, in behalf of Fremont, the first Republican candidate for the presidency. His first vote was cast at the presidential election that fall. In 1859 he was elected by a large majority to the Senate of Ohio from the counties of Portage and Summit, and, though yet scarcely twenty-eight, at once took high rank as a man unusually well informed on the subjects of legislation, and effective and powerful in debate. His most intimate friend in the State Senate was J. D. Cox, who afterwards became a major-general, governor

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of the State, and Secretary of the Interior. The two young senators roomed together, studied together, and helped each other in the work of legislation. Garfield pushed his law-studies forward, and early in the winter of 1861 was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court.

TO THE DEFENCE OF COUNTRY,

WITH VOICE AND ARM. — HISTORY OF GEN. GARFIELD'S SOLDIER LIFE.

When the secession of the Southern States took place, Garfield's course was manly and outspoken. He was serving in the State Senate when hostilities broke out; and, when the President's call for seventy-five thousand men was read in the chamber, amidst the tumultuous acclamation of the assemblage, he moved that twenty thousand troops and three million dollars should at once be voted as the quota of the State. When the time came for appointing the officers for the Ohio troops, Gov. Dennison offered him command of the Forty-second Infantry; but he modestly declined on account of his lack of military experience. But he was willing to serve in a less responsible capacity; and, resigning the presidency of Hiram College, he accepted a commission as lieutenant-colonel. A few weeks later, when the Forty-second was organized, he yielded to the universal desire of its officers, and accepted the colonelcy. The regiment took the field in Eastern Kentucky in December, 1861; and on the 20th of that month Col. Garfield was assigned to the command of the Eighteenth Brigade, and was ordered by Gen. Buell to drive Humphrey Marshall out of the Sandy valley. By a forced march he reached Marshall's position near Prestonburg at daybreak, fell upon him with impetuosity, and, after a sharp fight, forced him to burn his baggage and retreat into Virginia. Afterward he was ordered to join Buell's army, which was then on its way to re-enforce Grant at Pittsburg Landing. Thenceforward for a time the military career of Gen.

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Garfield was merged in that of the Army of the Cumberland. He held no separate command; and hence the traces of his great military abilities are lost in the general operations of the army, or only now and then seen in the complimentary allusions to his services which were so often made by his superior officers. In August, 1862, Gen. Garfield's health failed, and he was sent North on sick-leave. As he was about leaving for home, he was assigned, by order of the War Department, to the command of the forces at Cumberland Gap; but he was too ill to accept the appointment. Upon his recovery he was ordered to Washington, and detailed as a member of the Fitz John Porter court-martial, which occupied forty-five days, and in which his great abilities as a lawyer and a soldier were called forth and freely recognized. When the court adjourned in January, 1863, Gen. Garfield was ordered to report to Major-Gen. Rosecrans, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, then at Murfreesborough, Tenn., who made him chief of staff. He remained with Gen. Rosecrans until after the battle of Chickamauga, which was his last event of prominence in military life. For his "gallant conduct and important services" in this battle (where he wrote every order but one, submitting each to Gen. Rosecrans, only to have them forwarded without alteration), he was made a major-general. This happened upon Sept. 19, 1863.

AS A STATESMAN.

ELECTION TO CONGRESS. — A THRILLING INCIDENT. — THE MAN FOR THE CRISIS.

In the summer of 1862 he was elected to Congress from the nineteenth district in Ohio. At that time everybody supposed the war was going to end in a few months. Garfield was then with his command in Kentucky. He had no knowledge of any such movement in his behalf; and, when he accepted the nomination, he did so in the belief that the Rebellion would be subdued before

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he would be called upon to take his seat in the House in December, 1863. He was elected by a majority of over ten thousand. After his promotion to be major-general, Gen. Thomas offered him the command of a corps; but President Lincoln, who had a high regard for him, urged him to resign his commission, and take his seat in Congress, and urged so strenuously that his advice prevailed. On Dec. 5, 1863, therefore, Gen. Garfield, having served in the army more than a year after his election, resigned, and took his place in the National House. Just after Lincoln's assassination, Garfield, who happened to be in New York, attended, as one of the speakers, a mass-meeting held in Wall Street, to consider the fearful situation. Every one was wild with excitement and grief; and the people, almost driven to madness, were determined to wreak vengeance. What followed is best described in the language of an eye-witness: —

"By this time the wave of popular indignation had swelled to its crest. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets, — one dead, the other dying; one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said a moment before that Lincoln 'ought to have been shot long ago.' They were not allowed to say it again. Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X, and a looped halter pendent from the junction. A dozen men followed its slow motion through the masses, while 'vengeance' was the cry. On the right, suddenly the shout arose, 'The World!' 'The World!' 'The office of the World, World!' and a movement of perhaps eight thousand or ten thousand turning their faces in the direction of that building began to be executed. It was a critical moment. What might come, no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office. The police and military would have availed little, or been too late. A telegram had just been read from Washington, 'Seward is dying.' Just then a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd: 'Another telegram from Washington;' and then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested for a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out, 'Fellow-citizens, clouds

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and darkness are round about him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the establishment of his throne. Mercy and truth shall go before his face. Fellow-citizens, God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the spot in awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the government in that hour. As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett, or Seward, never reached it. Demosthenes never equalled it. What might have happened, had the surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. I inquired what was his name. The answer came in a low whisper, 'It is Gen. Garfield of Ohio.'"

Such was the man whom the nation mourns. His pure and simple manhood was his chief characteristic. It showed itself in all his works, and in the last dark hours when he passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

IN THE CHURCH.

HIS DEVOTION TO THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. — HIS ENTHUSIASM AS A DISCIPLE.

For such a man, only a pure and simple religion was possible; and his faith was like his life, — plain and unostentatious. While a student at Hiram College he connected himself with the Church of the Disciples, a sect founded by Alexander Campbell, and sometimes called "Campbellites." This church has a large membership in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Southern and Eastern

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Ohio. "Its principal peculiarities are its refusal to formulate its beliefs into a creed, the independence of each denomination, the hospitality and fraternal feeling of the members, and the lack of any regular ministry." The Scriptures are accepted without note or comment, and any member can address the assemblies. Garfield, who never did any thing by halves, entered heartily into the work of this communion, and soon became one of the most prominent members of the church at Hiram. This connection with the sect was never severed. "Almost every day," said the pastor of the Mentor Disciple Church, referring to a revival-meeting in which the President was once interested, "I would bring some one in who was hesitating, to let Gen. Garfield talk to him about some point on which he was in doubt; and the President always made it clear to him. One morning I brought in a political friend of the general's, and a prominent local politician, who had made a confession of religion the night before. When I told Gen. Garfield what his friend had done, he stepped quickly forward, and, putting one arm around his shoulder, he congratulated him, and then taking his hand said, with an impressiveness which I can never forget, 'This is right, Christian. Remember always that this is a battle where we struggle on to a beginning, but that it's in the endless cycles of eternity that our lives must be rounded and perfected.'"

HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

BLEST IN EVERY DOMESTIC RELATION. — PICTURE OF A MODEL HOME.

An account like this which did not mention the noble woman whose heart, of all sad hearts in this great Republic of ours, is perhaps the saddest to-day, would indeed be incomplete. He met her first in the spring of 1849, at Chester, Ohio, where they were both pupils at an academy. She was then seventeen years old: that also was the age of her future husband. Her name was Lucretia Rudolph. Her father, Zebulon Rudolph, was a Maryland farmer

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from the Shenandoah Valley. Her mother, Arabella Mason, born in Hartford, Vt., was the scion of an old Connecticut family. There is a tradition in the Rudolph family, that one of Mrs. Garfield's grand-uncles was the brilliant soldier Marshal Ney. When Garfield went to Williams College, Miss Rudolph commenced teaching in the Cleveland public schools, continuing that work until he became, in 1858, the head of Hiram University; then they were married. They have continued their classical studies to their own pleasure, and to the advantage of their older children, whom Mrs. Garfield has thoroughly grounded in Latin and Greek. She has borne the general six children, of whom five are living. The first, a daughter, died in infancy; Harry Augustus, aged eighteen, and James R., aged sixteen, have entered Williams College, their father's *alma mater*. Mary, the daughter of the family, is fourteen years old. The younger children are Irwin McDowell, ten years old, and Abram, seven years old. The President said of her less than a year ago, "I have been wonderfully blest in the discretion of my wife. She is one of the coolest and best-balanced women I ever saw. She is unstampedable. There has not been one solitary instance in my public career where I suffered in the smallest degree for any remark she ever made. It would have been perfectly natural for a woman often to say something that could be misinterpreted; but without any design, and with the intelligence and coolness of her character, she has never made the slightest mistake that I ever heard of."

TO THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.

HIS NOMINATION AND ELECTION. — THE LAST DAYS AT MENTOR. — GRANDEUR OF INDUCTION INTO OFFICE.

At the Republican National Convention in Chicago, in June, 1880, Gen. Garfield was chosen as the candidate for President on the thirty-sixth ballot, after the convention had been sitting ten days. At the national election in November last, he received two

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hundred and fourteen electoral votes, while Gen. Hancock had one hundred and fifty-five. The President-elect passed the time between the election and his inauguration in retirement at his home in Mentor, Ohio. Did the coming events cast their shadows before? It has been remembered of him since, how he clung with prophetic fondness to these few brief days of happiness at his own peaceful fireside in the companionship of his beloved wife. It has been remembered of him since, how he looked out upon the great untried sea before him with feelings that were not wholly hopeful. A correspondent recalls how, coming in to take his leave once after a visit during this time, he found the wife sitting in the room where only the firelight threw out its ruddy glow upon the earnest, thoughtful face which was turned toward him. He asked her, standing there, if she was not looking forward with pleasurable anticipations to her residence in the White House. She answered quickly, and with unaffected sincerity, "No: I can only hope it will not be altogether unhappy," — words which now seem those of an almost inspired prophecy.

At last the time drew near when the President-elect was to assume the precious dignity to which the voice of his countrymen had called him. The journey from Mentor to the capital was a hopeful and a joyful one, in sad contrast to that journey from the capital to Cleveland in which he was to figure in the coming months.

The 4th of March was a great day at the capital. Washington was decked out in her gayest. One hundred thousand people stood in Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Treasury and the Capitol grounds, and gave acclaim to Garfield as he passed. The buildings were splendidly decorated. There was a flag and a dozen fluttering handkerchiefs at every window. All vehicles were excluded from the avenue, and the people hemmed in the procession ten deep on each side. Garfield rode uncovered nearly the whole distance. The procession wound around the southern wing of the Capitol. Garfield and Hayes alighted at the Senate wing, and entered the chamber.

The procession started from the White House, the President being escorted by the first division; and, on the return, all fell into

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line. The route was around the south side of the Capitol to Pennsylvania Avenue, thence to the Treasury Department, and so on past the White House. During the time between 12 and 1.30 o'clock, Pennsylvania Avenue presented a remarkable sight, either from the Treasury Department or the Capitol. The crowd was continuous from First to Fifteenth Street; and, as the time for the procession to move approached, the crowd increased, so that there seemed hardly room for the military column to enter. The regular troops led the way, with Sherman at their head. Behind Sherman were three four-horse carriages, — Presidents Garfield and Hayes, Vice-Presidents Arthur and Wheeler, and Senators Pendleton and Bayard. In addition to the Cleveland troops, Gen. Garfield was attended by the Columbia Commandery of Knights Templars of the city, of which he was a member. When the head of the procession reached the Treasury Department, the avenue for its whole mile length was literally packed with people. There was a pause at this point, to enable the President to leave the column, and proceed to the grand stand in front of the White House, where he stood hours in witnessing the passage of the great military and civic concourse, which was over three hours in passing a given point. The route was then continued up Pennsylvania Avenue to Washington Circle, along K Street to Vermont Avenue, and past the Thomas statue, down Massachusetts Avenue to Mount Vernon Square, where the procession finally dispersed.

In the evening the ball was the grandest ever seen in Washington. Little they knew, who participated in the festivities of this memorable occasion, of the scenes which would be enacted in the city in a few months, — how the crowds would again throng the streets to witness a procession. Oh, how different! how the city would again be hung with drapery and flags, but with so opposite a meaning!

Of the time between the 4th of March and the following July, nothing need be said. Gen. Garfield's administration was never fairly opened. It was but a promise, the fulfilment of which never came.

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THE ASSASSIN'S HAND.

THE TERRIBLE CRIME WHICH SHOCKED THE WORLD. — THE STORY OF A DAY OF SUSPENSE AND PAIN.

TOWARD the last of June the President prepared to leave Washington for a two-weeks' trip in New England. Mrs. Garfield, who had gone to Long Branch on account of her delicate health, was improving rapidly. It was arranged that she and the two sons and a daughter, who were with her, should join the general and the elder boys, James and Harry, at New York on the afternoon of July 2.

Meanwhile the assassin Guiteau was dogging the President about the streets of Washington. Having decided not to kill him at the church, and being deterred at the depot on the 18th of June, according to his own confession, by the sad, weak, and frail appearance of Mrs. Garfield, triumph was his at last on the fatal 2d of July. Two pistol-shots, — the reverberation of which thrilled round the world, — and the wretch was hurried to the jail!

This happened on July 2, at 9.20 A.M., as the President was passing through the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad to take the train. Two shots were fired from a heavy pistol, but only one ball hit him. He fell immediately. The physicians made an unavailing attempt to discover the ball at the depot. It was evident that nothing could be done in the presence of such a crowd; and the slight chances of saving the President's life depended upon placing him where he could have absolute quiet. A police ambulance was sent for, and it was backed up to the B-street entrance of the depot. The President was brought downstairs upon a stretcher. The doors were thrown open; and the crowd parted, while the wounded man was gently laid on mattresses on the bottom of the vehicle. The President was very pale and weak, but conscious. He opened his eyes, and silently waved his hand toward the crowd. Strong men sobbed at the pitiful sight. As the ambulance was driven up to the south entrance of the Executive Mansion, the President was lifted out. He looked up, and saw Private Secretaries Brown and Cook looking down from one of the windows. He smiled, and saluted them

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with his uninjured arm. He was taken to his bed of sickness. During the painful hours that followed, he called frequently for his wife, and several times made the pitiful inquiry, "Why did he shoot? I had done him no harm."

The President's condition was considered imminently dangerous, — so much so that his proper treatment was neglected. From the time when the wound was looked at by Dr. Townsend at 9.30 at the depot, until eight at night, it received no effection; for ten hours and a half the surgeons only administered hypodermic injections and stimulants, and did not endeavor to ascertain the true nature of the injury. At 8 P.M., when the natural consequences of contusion had in a great degree closed the channel of the bullet, an insufficient and unskilful examination was made, from which it was concluded that the missile had entered the body about two inches to the right of the fourth lumbar vertebra, between the tenth and eleventh ribs, had passed through the liver, and could not be traced farther, and that the use of the probe would be improper. It was assumed, not ascertained, that the wound was mortal. In the course of that afternoon Dr. Bliss, the physician in charge, thought that the evidences of internal hemorrhage were distinctly recognizable, and that collapse was imminent. At 6.45 P.M. he believed the patient was sinking rapidly. At that time the physicians considered the case hopeless.

Thenceforth for eighty days the President was cared for by some of the most skilled of American surgeons and physicians. From time to time there were signs of improvement, and then again of relapse; rays of hope and shadows of despair alternated; but at last, on the nineteenth day of September, at 10.35 P.M., the President died in Elberon Cottage, at Long Branch, N.J.

Though hope had gradually been going out, — though it had gone out entirely in the hearts of all but the most sanguine, — no one dreamed of the swift approach of the dread messenger. The day was an anniversary in the life of the suffering President. On the 19th of September, just eighteen years before, he had been made a major-general for his gallantry at the battle of Chickamauga. It has been remembered of him since, that he had said he thought he should die upon that day. Strange fatality!

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The remains were taken, with the greatest honors ever shown an American, to Washington, where they lay in state in the Capitol until their removal to Cleveland, Ohio, where they were placed in their final resting-place in Lake View Cemetery. The day of burial, Monday, Sept. 26, was a day of mourning throughout the Union, and with all Americans who chanced to be in other countries.

TO THE GRAVE.

A MOURNFUL PROCESSION ALL DAY LONG BY THE SPOT WHERE THE LATE PRESIDENT'S REMAINS WERE LYING IN STATE FOR THE LAST TIME.

On Sunday Cleveland was full to overflowing. At the lowest estimate, there were two hundred thousand strangers in the city, and the number was constantly increasing. All down the length and breadth of the solemn streets, vast crowds surged all day long. The governors of eighteen States and Territories, and their staffs, and about forty mayors and city delegations from the United States and Canada, were in town for the purpose of taking part in the sorrowful exercises. In the morning the workmen had finished the catafalque, a structure worthy of the city and the illustrious dead. Long before daylight the people had formed a long line on the west side of the square, ready for the opening of the gate of the western arch. The line stretched away down Superior Street, men, women, and children, to the viaduct that spans the river valley, and far across that to the other side. A line of military guarded the long procession on either hand. The crowd was silent. . There was no loud talk, no jostling, no laughter. Patiently, quietly, and as though the funeral were that of a near friend, the people waited. At last, about eight o'clock, the great gate was swung open, and the mournful procession passed through, across the square, and up the sloping platform to where the mortal remains of James A. Garfield lay in state for the last time. With

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heads uncovered and bowed, the people passed by. Tears were in every eye, and many wept aloud. It was a most affecting and impressive scene.

Then followed the funeral services: which were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Ross E. Houghton, who opened with prayer; the Rev. Dr. Isaac Errett, who spoke for forty minutes in a touching and impressive manner; and the Rev. E. S. Pomeroy, who closed the exercises at the Pavilion with a prayer and benediction. An appropriate feature of the services was the singing of the following verses, — President Garfield's favorite hymn: —

"HO! REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST."

Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round ye,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing:
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain:
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers;
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

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"AFTER THE BURIAL."

THE last sad rites are over, the last sad words are spoken: dust has been returned to dust, and the spirit of James A. Garfield has gone to the God who gave it. The people of this nation stood with uncovered heads, with heavy hearts, and with tear-stained faces, by the open door of the tomb of the martyred President. Who can voice their sentiments, their sympathy, and their sorrow? All recognize it as one of those supreme occasions when words are inadequate, when the kings of poetry and the masters of prose lament the poverty of language which fails to portray the emotions of a great people.

The marts of trade were closed; the wheels of industry were stopped; the toiling millions rested from their labors; thousands of churches throughout the length and breadth of the land were filled by men, women, and children, all anxious to participate in the solemn ceremonies of the hour; and nearly all the buildings, both public and private, bore sad emblems of mourning, from the elaborate and costly display of the merchant prince to the tiny flag and little black-and-white streamers on the cottage of the humblest laborer. There were universal signs of mourning everywhere, and the pages of history will never show more pertinent and visible symbols of a nation's sorrow.

The story of the President's remarkable career from the cradle to the grave, the terrible tragedy and awful suffering which ended in death after weeks of horrible torture, the lessons of his life and of the event to the nation, were set forth by masters of oratory, while the soothing strains of music and the sweet consoling stanzas of the song-writers were added to help voice the emotions of the people. At first sight the eulogies here and there may have

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seemed a trifle extravagant in language; but we do not believe the picture was overdrawn in a single instance by any intelligent speaker. A man born in humble circumstances, who digs his education out of books and experience while fighting for his own maintenance and that of a widowed mother; who ascends the ladder of fame, round by round, in the face of fierce opposition and sharp competition, and in his prime has reached the highest office in the gift of the American people, — such a man deserved lasting credit, and no words of eulogy can picture such a life in colors too glowing to suit the people and to meet the requirements of the case. And "it was the deep damnation of his taking off" which brought the early struggles and striking successes of James A. Garfield so conspicuously before the eyes of the nation, and caused a deeper appreciation of the magnitude of his achievements. And it is for these reasons that no orator could find language to surpass the expectations of the people, or words even adequately to convey their appreciation of the record of the man.

Mr. Sumner, in his eulogy on Abraham Lincoln, truthfully remarked, "In the universe of God, there are no accidents. From the fall of a sparrow to the fall of an empire, or the sweep of a planet, all is according to divine Providence, whose laws are everlasting. It was no accident which gave to his country the patriot whom we now honor. It was no accident which snatched this patriot so suddenly and so cruelly from his sublime duties." These words may be aptly applied to the event the final chapter of which was written yesterday. The death of President Garfield was no accident. God saw fit, in his infinite wisdom, to bring the sad calamity upon this nation; and all bow to his powerful decree. So far as human vision can reach, it has called forth a spontaneous outburst of patriotism and sympathy from fifty millions of people; has lifted them up to a higher plane of thought and action; has shown that the people of these United States, North, South, East, and West, have again firmly riveted the bonds which make them one nation and one grand section of the brotherhoods of the earth. It has taught us to be more charitable, one toward the other, and to take that broad and comprehensive view of human nature which leads us to value men for what they are rather than

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for what they are not. What other lessons the event may teach us, time alone can show.

Now that the door of the tomb is closed, the great heart of the nation should go out in sympathy to that aged mother, that devoted wife, and the fatherless children. When death comes our grief is great; but there is always a certain degree of consolation in looking upon the lifeless remains of the departed. It is when the coffin has been lowered into the newly-made grave, or the door of the tomb is shut, and we go to our homes, that the complete realization comes painfully and forcibly to our minds and hearts. It is when we see the vacant chair at the table, or the chair by the window with the view that father loved so well; it is when the rooms of our home seem so desolate, and we cannot have the sad satisfaction of seeing even the cold clay which held the soul; it is when the photograph of the well-remembered face seems to look at us from its post of honor in the album, or from the wall or mantle, and we miss him in a thousand ways in the little domestic circle, — then it is the heart is heaviest, the cup of grief is filled to overflowing, and the future looks so hopelessly sad and dismal. And this is why the sympathy and prayers and tears of the nation should to-day follow the members of the Garfield family to Mentor; for, when they reach their old homestead, — which the son, husband, and father left a few short months ago full of life and hope and "with his blushing honors thick upon him," — then will their grief be most intense, and their anguish most poignant. That the God of the widow and the fatherless will watch over and bless them all the way along in their pathway of life; and that the stricken mother, the sorrowing wife, and the fatherless children may all meet the faithful son, the devoted husband, and the tender father in the grand reunion on the shores beyond, — is the sincere and earnest prayer of every patriotic heart.

— BOSTON GLOBE, Sept. 27, 1881.

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THE TRIBUTES FROM THE POETS.

JOURNALISM, to-day, makes another gigantic stride in its onward march to perfection and the complete realization of its huge possibilities. It has explored continents; its needs have compelled science to girdle the earth with a continuous electric belt; its power makes and unmakes men; its methods have annihilated distance and time as obstacles in the way of the rapid and faithful chronicling of events. And during all this gradual and steady development, it has been improving in tone and spirit: as it grows more powerful, it grows less arbitrary; as its facilities for recording the doings of the civilized world increase, it becomes more tolerant in the expression of opinions; and as it progresses in usefulness, it becomes more intellectual. The people have come to regard the press as the great educator, not alone in the department of news, but in all branches of science. It has invaded the pulpit, the class-room, the bench, the bar, the laboratory: wherever there is information which will benefit the masses, there will the journalist be found, skipping like the bee from flower to flower, and extracting the sweet honey of knowledge.

But it has invaded a new field, hitherto closed to the surging crowd, unexplored except by the few, religiously guarded, like the ark of the covenant, against the pollution which contact with the vulgar might create, unapproachable except by the priests. It has invaded the sacred groves where the bards wander in mute and rapt contemplation of the mysteries of nature, the beauties of the landscape, and the awful splendor of the firmament, — it has invaded the precincts of poetry. And for this intrusion it need offer no apology, for its purpose was praiseworthy; and, even if its motives might perchance be impugned, it can point to the result, — the

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touching tributes to the illustrious dead which a brilliant galaxy of American poets spread over our first page to-day.

If the public mind is puzzled over a great constitutional question; if a sudden crisis arises in the affairs of government; if the people are in doubt about the advisability of taking a certain step, — the press steps in and enlightens them. The recognized statesmen of the land, constitutional and international lawyers, are interviewed, or solicited to add the weight of their experience and the fruits of their study to the discussion. They are, by general consent, the authorized expounders of the law; and their interpretation is accepted, the Gordian knot is untied, the dispute peaceably adjusted, and the right principle established. Since the death of our lamented President, the English language has been taxed to its utmost to furnish a suitable medium for expressing the sorrow which had settled down over the land like a huge pall. These miles after miles of crape which hung in our busy streets, and which, standing out in hard lines upon bare walls, testified to the existence of a feeling of bereavement, — what was their significance? What meant the sable garb adopted by foreign courts who had never seen or known our dead? Why were the churches crowded with sympathetic mourners who sent up prayers to the throne of grace for a man who differed from them in religious belief and form of worship? What meant the universal regrets of the whole world, the general mourning and sadness of the people, the respectful, reverential tone in which they spoke of his life, his sufferings, and his death? Who could analyze all this? who could formulate a proper interpretation of the symbolic features of this terrible national affliction? Who but the poets?

And so we went to the poets, and asked them individually and separately to pass this great mass of undefined sentiment through the crucible of song, and explain to the people the secret of their sorrow. They have done so. The genial Dr. Holmes, Boston's poet-laureate, gives expression in sweetest measure to the nation's grief and the nation's hope; while the stalwart O'Reilly, aglow with Celtic fire, pictures in burning verse the mystic meaning of that terrible midnight knell which told the nation that its chosen President was dead. Joaquin Miller, who sees pictures in the ma-

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jestic waving of the pines of the Sierras, and who reads the voice of Heaven in the thunder which shakes the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, tells the story of Garfield's life, and analyzes its symbolism. And Rev. M. J. Savage contributes, of his study in the paths of philosophy and theology, a clever poem full of deep sentiment. Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter and Harvard's latest accession to the minstrel choir also join in the general song, with lyres attuned to the sombre melody of the season. But not to men alone must the task be intrusted. The tender sympathy which has gone out toward Mrs. Garfield, in her great affliction, from monarch and peasant, from ruler and subject, from the great mass of humanity, has a deep significance which only woman can interpret. Those who will read the touching lines which rapidly flowed from the pens of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Marie E. Blake, Mrs. Louise Parsons Hopkins, and Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, will feel grateful that in the broad republic of letters women's rights are not an issue, but an institution.

We have said that "The Globe" has inaugurated a new departure in journalism. We think it will prove beneficial to the public and to the poets. The thin partition of sentiment which has divided them has been torn down, and in the future their relations will be of a more intimate and cordial nature. When any great emergency arises in the future, the poets will be called on to give shape to the feelings of the people; to embody in immortal verse the sympathies, the regrets, or the indignation, of the community. And they will respond: there is a precedent for both.

With this explanation we present to our readers the Garfield Memorial "Globe," which in future years, when the onward march of journalism shall have carried it far beyond the point reached to-day, will remind another generation of what its predecessors thought out and executed.

— Boston Globe, Sept. 27, 1881.

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POEMS WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I.

FALLEN with autumn's falling leaf,
Ere yet his summer's noon was past,
Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief, —
What words can match a woe so vast?

And whose the chartered claim to speak
The sacred grief where all have part,
When sorrow saddens every cheek,
And broods in every aching heart?

Yet Nature prompts the burning phrase
That thrills the hushed and shrouded hall,
The loud lament, the sorrowing praise,
The silent tear that love lets fall.

In loftiest verse, in lowliest rhyme,
Shall strive unblamed the minstrel choir, —
The singers of the new-born time,
And trembling age with out-worn lyre.

No room for pride, no place for blame —
We fling our blossoms on the grave,
Pale, scentless, faded, — all we claim,
This only, — what we had we gave.

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Ah, could the grief of all who mourn
Blend in one voice its bitter cry,
The wail to heaven's high arches borne
Would echo through the caverned sky.

II.

O happiest land whose peaceful choice
Fills with a breath its empty throne!
God, speaking through thy people's voice,
Has made that voice for once his own.

No angry passion shakes the State
Whose weary servant seeks for rest, —
And who could fear that scowling hate
Would strike at that unguarded breast?

He stands; unconscious of his doom,
In manly strength, erect, serene, —
Around him summer spreads her bloom:
He falls, — what horror clothes the scene!

How swift the sudden flash of woe
Where all was bright as childhood's dream!
As if from heaven's ethereal bow
Had leaped the lightning's arrowy gleam.

Blot the foul deed from history's page, —
Let not the all-betraying sun
Blush for the day that stains an age
When murder's blackest wreath was won.

III.

Pale on his couch the sufferer lies,
The weary battle-ground of pain;
Love tends his pillow, science tries
Her every art, alas! in vain.

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The strife endures how long! how long!
Life, death, seem balanced in the scale;
While round his bed a viewless throng
Awaits each morrow's changing tale.

In realms the desert ocean parts,
What myriads watch with tear-filled eyes,
His pulse-beats echoing in their hearts,
His breathings counted with their sighs!

Slowly the stores of life are spent,
Yet hope still battles with despair, —
Will Heaven not yield when knees are bent?
Answer, O Thou that hearest prayer!,

But silent is the brazen sky, —
On sweeps the meteor's threatening train, —
Unswerving Nature's mute reply,
Bound in her adamantine chain.

Not ours the verdict to decide
Whom death shall claim or skill shall save:
The hero's life though Heaven denied,
It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teaching vainly sent
How human hearts their griefs may share, —
The lesson woman's love has lent
What hope may do, what faith can bear!

Farewell! the leaf-strown earth enfolds
Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears;
And autumn's golden sun beholds
A nation bowed, a world in tears.

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REJOICE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"Bear me out of the battle, for lo! I am sorely wounded."

I.

From out my deep, wide-bosomed West,
Where unnamed heroes hew the way
For worlds to follow, with stern zest, —
Where gnarled old maples make array,
Deep-scarred from red men gone to rest, —
Where pipes the quail, where squirrels play
Through tossing trees, with nuts for toy,
A boy steps forth, clear-eyed and tall,
A bashful boy, a soulful boy,
Yet comely as the sons of Saul, —
A boy, all friendless, poor, unknown,
Yet heir-apparent to a throne.

II.

Lo! Freedom's bleeding sacrifice!
So like some tall oak tempest-blown
Beside the storied stream he lies
Now at the last, pale-browed and prone.
A nation kneels with streaming eyes,
A nation supplicates the throne,
A nation holds him by the hand,
A nation sobs aloud at this:
The only dry eyes in the land
Now at the last, I think, are his.
Why, we should pray, God knoweth best,
That this grand, patient soul should rest.

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III.

The world is round. The wheel has run
Full circle. Now behold a grave
Beneath the old loved trees is done.
The druid oaks lift up, and wave
A solemn welcome back. The brave
Old maples murmur, every one,
"Receive him, Earth!" In centre land,
As in the centre of each heart,
As in the hollow of God's hand,
The coffin sinks. And with it part
All party hates! Now, not in vain
He bore his peril and hard pain.

IV.

Therefore, I say, rejoice! I say,
The lesson of his life was much, —
This boy that won, as in a day,
The world's heart utterly; a touch
Of tenderness and tears: the page
Of history grows rich from such;
His name the nation's heritage, —
But oh! as some sweet angel's voice
Spake this brave death that touched us all.
Therefore, I say, Rejoice! Rejoice!
Run high the flags! Put by the pall!
Lo! all is for the best for all!

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SONNET — JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY REV. H. BERNARD CARPENTER.

Lo! as a pure, white statue wrought with care
By some strong hand, which moulds from Life and Death
Beauty more beautiful than blood or breath,
And straight 'tis veiled; and, whilst all men repair
To see this wonder in the workshop, there!
Behold, it gleams unveiled to curious eye
Far-seen, high-placed in Art's pale gallery,
Where all stand mute before a work so fair:
So he, our man of men, in vision stands,
With Pain and Patience crowned imperial;
Death's veil has dropped; far from this house of woe
He hears one love-chant out of many lands,
Whilst from his mystic noon-height he lets fall
His shadow o'er these hearts that bleed below.

SEPT. 26, 1881.

MIDNIGHT.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ONCE in a lifetime we may see the veil
Tremble and lift, that hides symbolic things;
The spirit's vision, when the senses fail,
Sweeps the weird meaning that the outlook brings.

Deep in the midst of turmoil, it may be, —
A crowded street, a forum, or a field, —
The soul inverts the telescope, to see
To-day's event in future years revealed.

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Back from the present, let us look at Rome;
Now, see what Cato meant, what Brutus said.
Hark! the Athenians welcome Cimon home!
— How clear they are, those glimpses of the dead!

But we, hard toilers, we who plan and weave
Through common days the web of common life,
What word, alas! shall teach us to receive
The mystic meaning of our peace and strife?

Whence comes our symbol? Surely God must speak;
No less than he can make us heed or pause:
Self-seekers we, too busy or too weak
To search beyond our daily lives and laws.

'Gainst things occult our earth-turned eyes rebel;
No sound of Destiny can reach our ears;
We have no time for dreaming — Hark! a knell, —
A knell at midnight! All the nation hears!

A second grievous throb! The dreamers wake;
The merchant's soul forgets his goods and ships;
The humble workmen from their slumbers break;
The women raise their eyes with quivering lips;

The miner rests upon his pick to hear;
The printer's type stops midway from the case;
The solemn sound has reached the roisterer's ear,
And brought the shame and sorrow to his face.

Again it booms! Oh, mystic veil, upraise!
— Behold, 'tis lifted! On the darkness drawn,
A picture, lined with light! The people's gaze,
From sea to sea, beholds it till the dawn:

A death-bed scene, — a sinking sufferer lies,
Their chosen ruler, crowned with love and pride;
Around, his counsellors, with streaming eyes;
His wife heart-broken, kneeling by his side:

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Death's shadow holds her; it will pass too soon;
She weeps in silence — bitterest of tears;
He wanders softly — Nature's kindest boon,
And as he whispers all the country hears.

For him the pain is past, the struggle ends:
His cares and honors fade: his younger life
In peaceful Mentor comes, with dear old friends;
His mother's arms take home his sweet young wife;

He stands among the students, tall and strong,
And teaches truths republican and grand:
He moves — ah, pitiful! — he sweeps along,
O'er fields of carnage leading his command!

He speaks to crowded faces; round him surge
Thousands and millions of excited men:
He hears them cheer, sees some great light emerge,
Is borne as on a tempest: then — ah, then!

The fancies fade, the fever's work is past;
A moment's pang — then recollections thrill:
He feels the faithful lips that kiss their last,
His heart beats once in answer, and is still!

The curtain falls; but hushed, as if afraid,
The people wait, tear-stained, with heaving breast;
'Twill rise again, they know, when he is laid
With Freedom, in the Capitol, at rest.

Once more they see him, in his coffin, there,
As Lincoln lay in blood-stained martyr sleep;
The stars and stripes across his honored bier,
While Freedom and Columbia o'er him weep

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"HE IS DEAD, OUR PRESIDENT."

BY CHARLES TURNER DAZEY.

[THE HARVARD CLASS POET OF 1881.]

He is dead, our President; he rests in an honored grave,
He whom any one of us would gladly have died to save.
All is over at last, the long, brave struggle for life, —
For a nation's sake, not his own, and for that of children and wife.
Doubt and suspense are dead; dead is the passionate thrill
Of a hope too blessed and sweet for aught but death to kill.
Do you remember yet, how, from that awful day
When the pulse of the nation stopped with a shock of wild dismay,
And voiceless horror looked from questioning eyes to eyes,
As the murmur widened and spread, "Our President murdered lies," —
How to the very last, like a star in a night of gloom,
The hope of the people burned till it sank in a hero's tomb?
We could not give him up: as a mother prays for her child,
We prayed for his precious life, with a love as deep and wild.
We had known him long and well as a man of royal mind,
Who had nobly proved his birthright as a leader of mankind.
We had watched him, oh, so proudly! as in life's ranks he rose
By the fair and open warfare that endeared him to his foes:
But we never prized him rightly until he had meekly lain
Wrapped in speechless tortures of the fiery furnace of pain.
Then how we learned to love him! for all that man holds dear,
For infinite faith and patience, and courage when death drew near,
For yearning love that strove with a pitiful, mighty strife,
To shield from the sting of sorrow the hearts of mother and wife.
Then with tearful vision, purged of passion and pride,
We saw in its tender beauty that spirit glorified;
And mighty love swept o'er us with a current as deep and grand
As the Nile that swells to a sea to nourish a hungry land.

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O boundless sea of love, and star of a hope that is dead,
Not vainly our President died, not vainly our loved one bled,
If still that sea shall sweep onward which at first so narrow ran
Till the hands of the nations clasp in the brotherhood of man,
Till the hate that smoulders still in hearts unreconciled
Shall change to the sweet affection that beams in the glance of a child,
And gladness shall dawn from sorrow, and glory burst from gloom.
And the flower of love fraternal shall blossom from Garfield's tomb.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Sept. 25, 1881.

J. A. G.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

OUR sorrow sends its shadow round the earth.
So brave, so true! A hero from his birth!
The plumes of Empire moult, in mourning draped,
The lightning's message by our tears is shaped.

Life's vanities that blossom for an hour
Heap on his funeral car their fleeting flower.
Commerce forsakes her temples, blind and dim,
And pours her tardy gold, to homage him.

The notes of grief to age familiar grow
Before the sad privations all must know;
But the majestic cadence which we hear
To-day, is new in either hemisphere.

What crown is this, high hung and hard to reach,
Whose glory so outshines our laboring speech?
The crown of Honor, pure and unbetrayed;
He wins the spurs who bears the knightly aid.

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While royal babes incipient empire hold,
And, for bare promise, grasp the sceptre's gold,
This man such service to his age did bring
That they who knew him servant, hailed him king.

In poverty his infant couch was spread;
His tender hands soon wrought for daily bread;
But from the cradle's bound his willing feet
The errand of the moment went to meet.

When learning's page unfolded to his view,
The quick disciple straight a teacher grew;
And, when the fight of freedom stirred the land,
Armed was his heart and resolute his hand.

Wise in the council, stalwart in the field!
Such rank supreme a workman's hut may yield.
His onward steps like measured marbles show,
Climbing the height where God's great flame doth glow.

Ah! Rose of joy, that hid'st a thorn so sharp!
Ah! Golden woof that meet'st a severed warp!
Ah! Solemn comfort that the stars rain down!
The hero's garland his, the martyr's crown!

NEWPORT, Sept. 25, 1881.

FATHERLESS.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.

OVER the land the tidings sped,
"The leader has fallen, our chief is dead;"
And over the land a cry of pain
Began and ended with Garfield's name.

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"He is dead," said each, with tearful eye:
"So strong, so true, why must he die?"
And the children paused that autumn day
To talk of the good man passed away.

Over the land, when the tidings came,
Even the babies lisped his name;
And youthful eyes grew sad that day
For the fatherless children far away.

Fatherless, — word with a life of pain;
Fatherless, — never complete again;
Always to miss, and never to know,
The joy of his greeting, — his love below.

Missing the cheerful smile each day,
Missing his care in studies or play,
Missing each hour, each day, each year,
The sound of a voice so tender and dear.

Fatherless! only the children can tell
The sound of that dreary funeral knell;
For only they, in all coming years,
Find the roses of youth bedewed with tears.

Over the land, from shore to shore,
The prayer of the children is echoed o'er, —
"God of the fatherless, help, we pray,
The wards of our mourning nation to-day."

SALEM, Sept. 24, 1881.

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LAUREL — CYPRESS.

BY LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.

[AUTHOR OF "MOTHERHOOD."]

MARCH 4, 1881.

He stands at the Capitol's portal
With lifted hand.
The vows of God are upon him
For the trust of the land;
Chief true and grand!

His manhood turns in its glory
To womanhood.
To his wife and mother he yearns
From the multitude;
Heart true and good!

He crowns them before the people
With kiss of love.
See it, ye men, and shout, —
Full hearts will out;
Rend the heavens above!

SEPTEMBER 23, 1881.

He lies in the wide rotunda,
With folded palms;
"Wounded for our transgressions."
Comrades in arms,
Spread ye his pall,
For the peace of all!

The thronging crowds have passed him,
With falling tear;
A queenly woman's garland
Upon his bier;
Knight without fear,
Man brave and dear!

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In this his martyr-glory
Leave him alone;
For his kiss-crowned wife is coming.
Though dead, he has known
She would come — his own —
To share his throne.

NEW BEDFORD, Sept. 26, 1881.

THE LAST BULLETIN.

BY MARIE E. BLAKE.

DAY after day as morning skies did flame,
"How fares our liege?" we cried with eager breath, —
"How fares our liege, who fights the fight with death?"
And ever with fresh hope the answer came;

Until that solemn midnight when the clang
Of woeful bells tolled out their tale of dread,
That he, the good and gifted one, was dead,
And through his weeping land the message rang.

Then in the darkness every heart was bowed:
While thinking on the direful ways of Fate,
Where Love could thus be overthrown by Hate, —
"So wrong hath conquered right!" we said aloud.

"If this be life, what matter how it flies;
What strength or power or glory crowns a name;
What noble meed of honesty or fame,
Since all these gifts were his, — and there he lies

Blighted by malice! Woe's the day! and dead
While yet the fields of his most golden prime
Are rich in all the pomp of summer-time,
With all their ripening wealth unharvested!"

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. . . . . .

Thus fares it with our liege? Nay, doubting soul,
Not thus; but grandly raised to nobler height
Of strength and power and most divine delight,
— At one swift breath made beautiful and whole!

Nor mocked by broken hope, or shattered plan,
By some pale ghost of duty left undone,
By haunting moments wasted one by one,
But crowned with that which best becometh man.

Holding with brimming hands his heart's desire;
While the fierce light of these last glorious days,
Blazing on each white line of thought and ways,
Touches his record with immortal fire!

BOSTON, Sept. 25, 1881.

J. A. G.

HUMANITAS REGNANS.

BY M. J. SAVAGE.

WITH finger on lip, and breath bated,
With an eager and sad desire,
The world stood hushed, as it waited
For the click of the fateful wire.

"*Better:*" and civilization
Breathed freer and hoped again.
"*Worse:*" and through every nation
Went throbbing a thrill of pain.

A cry at midnight! and listening —
"*Dead!*" tolled out the bells of despair;
And millions of eyelids were glistening
As sobbed the sad tones on the air.

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But who is he toward whom all eyes are turning?
And who is he for whom all hearts are yearning?

What is the threat at which earth holds its breath
While one lone man a duel fights with death?

No thrones are hanging in suspense;
  No kingdoms totter to their fall.
Peace, with her gentle influence,
  Is hovering over all.

'Tis just one man at Elberon,
  Who waiteth day by day,
Whose patience all our hearts hath won
  As ebbs his life away.

His birthday waked no cannon-boom;
  No purple round him hung:
A backwoods cabin gave him room;
  And storms his welcome sung.

He seized the sceptre of that king
  Who treads a freehold sod:
He wore upon his brow that ring
  That crowns a son of God.

By his own might he built a throne,
  With no unhuman arts,
And by his manhood reigned alone
  O'er fifty million hearts.

Thus is humanity's long dream,
  Its highest, holiest hope, begun
To harden into fact, and gleam
  A city 'neath the sun, —

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A city, not like that which came
In old-time vision from the skies;
But wrought by man through blood and flame,
From solid earth to rise, —

Man's city; the ideal reign
Where every human right hath place;
Where blood, nor birth, nor priest again
Shall bind the weary race, —

In which no king but man shall be.
'Twas this that thrilled with loving pain
The heart of all the earth, as he
Died by the sobbing main.

For, mightiest ruler of the earth,
He was the mightiest, not because
Of priestly touch, or blood, or birth,
But by a people's laws.

O Garfield! brave and patient soul!
Long as the tireless tides shall roll
About the *Long Branch* beaches, where
Thy life went out upon the air,
So long thy land, from sea to sea,
Will hold thy manhood's legacy.

There *were* two parties: there were those,
In thine own party, called thy foes;
There *was* a North; there *was* a South,
Ere blazed the assassin's pistol-mouth.

But lo! thy bed became a throne;
And, as the hours went by, at length
The weakness of thine arm alone
Grew mightier than thy strongest strength.

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No petulant murmur; no vexed cry
Of balked ambitions; but a high,
Grand patience! And thy whisper blent
In one heart all the continent.
To-day there are no factions left,
But *one America* bereft.

O Garfield! fortunate in death wast thou,
Though at the opening of a grand career!
Thou wast a meteor flashing on the brow
Of skies political, where oft appear,

And disappear, so many stars of promise. Then,
While all men watched thy high course, wondering
If thou wouldst upward sweep, or fall again,
Thee from thine orbit mad hands thought to fling;

And lo! the meteor, with its fitful light,
All on a sudden stood, and was a star, —
A radiance fixed, to glorify the night
There where the world's proud constellations are.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

BY FRANCIS A. NICHOLS.

O GOLDEN-ROD upon the hill!
O white-lipped lily of the lake!
No longer bloom to half fulfil
A promise made for promise' sake!
Let brambles grow, let thistles blow:
What careth he? He cannot know.

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O waving fields of ripening grain!
O fruitage of the vine and tree!
Nor kissing sun nor soothing rain
Again shall wake maturity.
No seed may grow; no man may sow.
What careth he? He cannot know.

O breast of woman! bearing pain
To round the fulness of thy life:
No first low cry of babe again
Shall meet the ear of prayerful wife.
No mother's love; no mother's woe.
What careth he? He cannot know.

O sun! O moon! O stars! O day!
Forever vanished from our sight!
Nor love nor faith may find a ray
For guidance from eternal night:
The light may come; the light may go.
What careth he? He cannot know.

O grave! beneath some clouded sky,
Low-lurking near his hallowed head,
Henceforth, nor mourning robe nor sigh
Shall know the living from the dead.
What though our hearts shall fill and flow?
What careth he? He cannot know.

O harp attuned to holy things!
Forbear, in grief, to lose the strain, —
The grand old strain the prophet sings, —
"The dead shall rise to life again!"
Thus life will come; thus life will go.
'Tis well! for God hath ordered so.

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"'TIS O'ER AT LAST."

BY JOSEPH W. NYE.

'Tis o'er at last — the doubtful strife,
We watched so long in hope and fear.
The die is cast! With sadness rife
We gather at our ruler's bier.

The starry flag o'er all the land
The story sad at half-mast tells;
Sounds solemnly on every hand
The mournful requiem of bells.

No faction breaks the grief wide-spread;
No State or section stands apart:
All join in mourning for him dead;
He finds a place in every heart.

The thrilling words he often spake,
With eloquence almost divine,
All patriotic hearts awake,
From the Palmetto to the Pine!

What though our prayers did not avail,
The suffering, prostrate form to raise?
Our trust in God will never fail,
We cannot cease his name to praise.

"God reigns!" His purpose underlies
The weak designs of finite man;
The plots which scheming men devise
Can never thwart his wondrous plan.

He ever makes man's wrath to praise
His overruling power and love,
Thus bringing men to know his ways,
And drawing them to heaven above.

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COLUMBIA weeps not alone;
The world partakes the heavy woe:
From cot to cot, from throne to throne,
The streams of grief and sorrow flow.

Lo, England's Queen (God bless her!) sends
Her tribute of esteem sincere,
Which with a thousand offerings blends
To crown the martyr's hallowed bier!

The generations yet unborn
Will oft the tearful story tell,
How, on that fated summer morn,
The noble form of GARFIELD fell!

Patient and calm through trials long
Of weariness and ceaseless pain,
The victim of a deed of wrong
To be repeated ne'er again!

Against the hand that laid him low,
We heard from *him* nor wrath nor hate,
But *million* hearts impatient grow
To mete the murderer his fate!

What are the bays which warriors crown?
The spurs of gold by knighthood won?
His were the honor and renown
Of *manhood true* and *duty done*.

Our noble leader, living still,
Is "marching on" to duties new,
His noble mission to fulfil
The spirit's subtile influence through!

Rest, patriot, in thy narrow bed,
While flowers we culled bedeck thy mound:
A brighter crown adorns thy head,
Where joys supernal e'er abound.

LYNN, MASS.

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POEMS WRITTEN FOR OTHER PAPERS.

ELBERON.

BY J. W. TURNER.

[From The East Boston Advocate.]

I.

'Twas eventide: the stars were beaming from on high,
The balmy breeze of autumn gently floated by,
As at my casement gazing out upon
The world, my thoughts were still at Elberon.

II.

List! dost thou hear that sound — that mournful knell?
Those tones that vibrate over hill and dell?
From east to west upon this midnight calm,
From north to south — oh, hear the sad alarm!

III.

Ah, yes! a nation's tears too plainly tell
Too well, alas! to us, what has befell,
And hope, once cherished in our hearts, has fled, —
Our President, our noble Garfield's dead!

IV.

O sad Columbia! stricken land, for thee
This hour of solemn grief's dark destiny!
The tidings now so fraught with gloom and pain
That's lingering o'er thy great and wide domain.

V.

O God! we turn our inmost thoughts above,
Invoke thy aid, — thy ever tender love;
For by thy will, thy might, and thy command,
Is life, is love, is home and native land.

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VI.

O wife bereft! O aged mother dear!
O darling children in affliction drear!
A nation bears her sympathy to thee,
This hour of death, — of death's great mystery.

VII.

Oh! teach the ones, those men who high in state,
All noble deeds of good to emulate,
And stay the bold and base assassin's way,
Whose hand uplifted would a mortal slay.

VIII.

O thou lamented, loved of all thy race!
From boy to man thy nobleness we trace:
All hearts are beating sadly, tenderly;
A nation's tears are falling now for thee.

IX.

Too soon, alas! the portals of the grave
Will ope for thee, thou noble, good, and brave;
But yet around thee in that sacred shrine,
Oh! millions will their purest love intwine.

EAST BOSTON, September, 1881.

REST, NOBLE CHIEF.

BY C. D. BRADLEE.

[From The Boston Advertiser.]

REST, noble chief, and sweetly rest:
Thy work is done, God's will is best.
A faithful life is finished now:
The seal of death is on thy brow.

Rise, noble chief, rise up to heaven:
Another life our God has given;
And angel robes are thine by right,
And all thy days shall now be bright.

Take now thy crown, beloved of all,
And hear our God's approving call;
Whilst we on earth bow low, and weep,
And sad and lonely vigils keep.

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A TOUCHING SONNET.

BY ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

[From The New York Herald.]

The following sonnet was written in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, after the funeral anthem for President Garfield had been sung: —

September 25.

THROUGH tears to look upon a tearful crowd,
And hear the anthem echoing
High in the dome till angels seem to fling
The chant of England up through vault and cloud,
Making ethereal register aloud
At Heaven's own gate. It was a sorrowing
To make a good man's death seem such a thing
As makes imperial purple of his shroud.

Some creeds there be like runes we cannot spell,
And some like stars that flicker in their flame;
But some so clear the sun scarce shines so well;
For when with Moses' touch a dead man's name
Finds tears within strange rocks as this name can,
We know right well that God was with the man.

THE MIDNIGHT OF A NATION.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

[From The Boston Transcript.]

THIRTY-EIGHT! counted the solemn stroke
In as many a solemn minute!
At the second or third the hardiest folk
The spell of their midnight revel broke;
The hum of pleasure, the groan of care,
Sank to a hushed grief everywhere, —
And the still heaven had anguish in it!

O States! whatever ye were before,
Be *one* for an endless morrow!
Thirty and eight! from the very core
Of the nation's soul doth her grief outpour,
In this deep of Death's and Nature's dark.
One anguish in thirty-eight breathings, hark!
All one, all one, in the orphan's sorrow.

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AN ODE ON THE ASSASSINATION.

[A prize offered by a London weekly for the best poem on the attempted assassination of President Garfield was awarded to the author of the following.]

VEIL now, O Liberty! thy blushing face,
At the fell deed that thrills a startled world;
While fair Columbia weeps in dire disgrace,
And bows in sorrow o'er the banner furled.

No graceless tyrant falls by vengeance here,
'Neath the wild justice of a secret knife;
No red Ambition ends its grim career,
And expiates its horrors with its life.

Not here does rash Revenge misguided burn,
To free a nation with the assassin's dart;
Or roused Despair in angry madness turn,
And tear its freedom from a despot's heart.

But where blest Liberty so widely reigns,
And Peace and Plenty mark a smiling land,
Here the mad wretch its fair white record stains
And blurs its beauties with a "bloody hand."

Here the elect of millions, and the pride
Of those who own his mild and peaceful rule, —
Here virtue sinks and yields the crimson tide,
Beneath the vile unreason of a fool!

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

A WASP flew out upon our fairest son,
And stung him to the quick with poisoned shaft,
The while he chatted carelessly, and laughed,
And knew not of the fateful mischief done.
And so this life amid our love begun,
Envenomed by the insect's hellish craft,
Was drunk by Death in one long feverish draught,
And he was lost, — our precious, priceless one.

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Oh, mystery of blind, remorseless fate!
Oh, cruel end of a most causeless hate,
That life so mean should murder life so great!
What is there left to us who think and feel,
Who have no remedy and no appeal,
But damn the wasp, and crush him under heel?

IN PACE REQUIESCAT.

[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

I.

HUSH, hush! speak softly!
The conflict now has reached the end:
Life lies vanquished on the ground;
Death with victor's wreath is crowned.
O angels, stoop! O God, defend!

II.

Toll, toll, toll, toll,
Ye brazen bells of woe and dread!
Thy requiem send throughout all lands,
Sweep on to distant ocean strands:
He lieth silent, — lieth dead.

III.

Gather, gather, clouds,
O darkest clouds of sombre night!
Lock the golden, smiling stars
Safe behind thy prison-bars:
Grief wisheth not, nor beareth light.

IV.

Droop, droop, Freedom's flag!
Float not thy folds majestic, proud;
Lie thou still across the breast
Of him the country loveth best:
It is a well-befitting shroud.

V.

Yet, O Columbia! free, —
Up from the past there rings the cry:
"God reigns — the Government still lives!"
In the nation's heart, that honor gives,
He "only sleeps," he *cannot die.*

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SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH.

BY L. M. S.

[From The Boston Transcript.]

TOLL! toll! ye solemn midnight bells!
From spire to spire the thrilling echo swells;
And to our hearts the mournful story tells, —
Gone! Gone! Gone!

Millions of watchers list with bated breath
To iron tongues that tell our martyr's death.
"Is this the end?" each to another saith, —
Gone! Gone! Gone!

Is this the outcome of our prayers and tears?
The harvest of his honest toil of years
Buoyed by strong faith, and ne'er a prey to fears? —
Gone! Gone! Gone!

And has it ended with the assassin's blow?
Why has it been permitted so?
We feel that only God can know.
Gone! Gone! Gone!

A finished life! More perfect in its plan
Than would have been devised by man,
Perfected only as God can.
Gone! Gone! Gone!

Had he remained upon the chair of state,
He scarcely could escape the fate —
Envy and misjudgment — which attends the great.
Now gone! Gone! Gone!

But his sublime patience on a bed of pain
Has bound all hearts as with an iron chain:
He has not suffered thus in vain,
Though gone! Gone!

What richer gift could bless him from above
Than the whole nation's undivided love?
Without one voice that will dissenting prove,
Now he is gone!

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His upright life has stood each crucial test,
His *living* every mortal blest,
His saintly death completes the rest.
Gone! Gone! Gone!

No more his voice a guiding star can be;
But his great soul lives in eternity,
And his pure life is a reality,
Though gone.

Like the ripe sheaf that is cut and bound,
Homeward along its path is found,
Broadcast, rich grain upon the ground;

So all along the path he moved
Are found in the hearts of those he loved
Rare memories which his goodness proved.

The words that all our hearts have thrilled
Are ours; though the great heart is stilled,
And the soul with noble motives filled
Is gone! Gone! Gone!

Again our chieftain's voice we hear:
As the sad tolling falls upon our ear,
The calling seemeth very near, —
Come! Come! Come!

Like the bell's home, the tower high,
His life points upward to the sky:
To his heart heaven was always nigh.
Come! Come! Come!

God heard our prayers, not as we would:
His great love better understood,
And answered as a Father should.
Gone! Gone! Gone!

Weep, strong men! ye have lost a friend!
With heads uncovered to your Maker bend!
He fashioned that great soul,
He destined this great end.

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JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY GEORGE A. PARKHURST.

[From The Lowell Weekly Journal.]

REST, hero, rest! Earth's pains are o'er:
Thy greatest triumph has been won,
As, echoing from heaven's golden door,
We seem to hear, "Servant, well done!"

Rest, hero, rest! For thee no more
The tortured frame, the fevered brow;
But on eternity's bright shore
The peace of God is with thee now.

Rest, hero, rest! Secure thy fame
Among the pure, the good, the great:
Time's record bears no nobler name
Of those who served their God and State.

Rest, hero, rest! While round thy bier
Columbia's sons are bending low,
No clime but drops the mourner's tear,
No land but shares the common woe.

Rest, brother, rest! In this sad hour
We seek thy throne, Father divine:
Though clouds of sorrow round us lower,
Teach us to have no will but thine.

CHELMSFORD, MASS., Sept. 22, 1881.

TOLL THE BELLS GENTLY.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

[From The Cambridge Tribune.]

TOLL the bells gently! Garfield is dead!
The nation is weeping a noble son slain:
It may be his equal we'll ne'er see again.
Toll the bells gently! Hope has not fled.

Toll the bells gently! Toll them with care!
"Great heart" is bleeding, and mourning her son,
Whose greatness and goodness the world's homage won.
Toll the bells gently! Toll them with care!

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Toll the bells gently! But never despair!
The nation still lives: her sons may depart
Ne'er to return — let the living take heart.
Toll the bells gently! Toll them with care!

Toll the bells gently! From Elberon's shore
There cometh a message to daughter and son
That "God knoweth best" how the victory's won.
Toll the bells gently! The struggle is o'er!

Toll the bells gently! From Washington home;
Bind up the hearts that are breaking in grief;
God of our fathers, oh bring sweet relief!
Toll the bells gently! In bearing him home!

Toll the bells gently! The noble one's slain!
On Erie's blest shore, near the home he loved best,
Lay him to rest, brothers, lay him to rest.
Toll the bells gently! Toll them gently again!

OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

[From The Boston Commonwealth.]

THE dreaded news has come at last.
Far o'er the land the tidings roll:
The lingering life from us has past,
And grief and anguish fill our soul.

We watched, with tender care and true,
These long, long weeks of suffering keen:
Our hopes and prayers around him grew,
That better days would yet be seen.

For, as the sun at times will dart
Through clouds that threaten all the day,
So gleams of hope for us would start,
And make us trust the fuller ray.

But now we know the night has come;
The orb has set we loved so well:
The patriot finds the heavenly home
Where all true souls in union dwell.

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His life was done. The power yet lives
That builds a nation true and wise;
And God, in his sad dying, gives
A morning promise to our skies.

For shall we not more faithful be
To this Republic, torn and crost,
And place her foremost of the free,
That nothing to mankind be lost?

And shall we not to her accord
A service perfect, wise, and true,
And help along his good life-word,
And in our lives his own renew?

THE MIDNIGHT KNELL.

BY HENRY C. DANE.

[From The Boston Transcript.]

I SAT at the hour of midnight,
Weary and sad and lone,
In fancy watching the lamplight
That from the sick-room shone;
While a silence deep and solemn
Brooded over the earth, —
The silence attending the column
Of angels — leading Death!

The heart of Nature seemed throbbing
With pity, pain, and woe,
As it watched a nation sobbing
With anguish deep and low,
While it waited and hoped with fear
The tidings at the dawn, —
The tidings it dreaded to hear
From that cot at Elberon!

Once more I perused the message, —
"*It still looks very dark!*"
And thought of that noble visage
That lay in Elberon's — Hark!
Out from the towering steeple,
Breaking the weary spell,
Came the message to the people, —
The deep, the midnight knell!

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"Gone!" "Gone!" it rang, — that doleful bell,
From spire and dome and tower,
Crushing a nation with its knell, —
That awful midnight hour!
On, on it rolled o'er distant West,
Through valleys broad and deep,
Waking a nation from its rest,
To bow with grief, and weep.

Daughter heroic, and mother,
Your tortures who dare tell, —
There without son and brother,
By him you loved so well.
A nation holds you to its heart,
And hold you will forever:
It shares with you the bitter part;
Its love nought e'er can sever.

Gone! gone! our hero-chieftain gone!
Struck in his hour of might,
And falling o'er his work undone,
Because he dared the right.
O people boasting of thy power!
O nation just begun!
Learn thy lesson from this sad hour,
And see thy duty done!

Gaze on that form so tried and torn;
Gaze on that deep-scarred face:
There learn the lesson not yet won, —
The duties ye must face!
O men of honor, truth, and power!
O men of mighty zeal!
Step to the front in this dark hour,
And help our woes to heal!

From Vernon's deep and silent shade,
From Marshfield's solemn shore,
From Oakland's calm and peaceful glade,
And all the broad land o'er,
From those who sleep in patriot graves,
The warning voice is heard, —
"This is your hour! be men, not slaves!
Redeem our plighted word!"

BOSTON, Sept. 20, 1881.

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"THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD!"

BY S. V. A.

[From The Boston Home Journal.]

GONE in his fair and manly prime;
Gone in his faith and hope sublime;
Gone when his feet had climbed so high,
No step remained but to the sky;
Then on earth's topmost round, his ear
Caught greetings from the upper sphere,
And angel voices whispered, "Come!
Thy work is done! come home! come home!"
"I'm ready; I'm content," he said;
And while the stricken nation plead
In words of agonizing prayer,
That God her ruler's life might spare,
He with a calm, unfaltering heart,
Waited until the poisoned dart
Should end its mission, whether life
In realms above, or toil and strife
Below might be his lot, and still
Submissive, bowed unto the Will
That holds the nations in His hand,
And at whose word they fall or stand.
O Garfield! President beloved!
Ruler and statesman, tried and proved,
We write thy name among earth's peers,
We send it down the coming years,
Wreathed with rich honors, memories proud,
Of courage ne'er by evil cowed,
Of patriot deed, and lofty aim —
We crown it with immortal fame,
And unto thousands yet unborn
The heritage we leave, that, shorn
Of all dishonor, they may tread
The rugged path of duty, led
By thine example, chaste and pure
As those who martyrdom endure.
We mourn for thee with falling tears;
Our bosoms swell with rising fears;
With grievous wounds our spirits bleed.
O Father! in this hour of need,
Be with our country: may the rod
Of chastening, watered with the blood

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Of this most noble victim, bloom
With flowers that even o'er his tomb
Shall shed such odorous sweets, that not
In vain the sacrifice, the blot
That crimson stains our lovely land
From Eastern unto Western strand.
May such a band of heroes rise,
So loyal, temperate, true, and wise,
So just, alike to friends and foes,
That his pure life, and e'en its close,
Shall bear, though grief now makes it mute,
A harvest of immortal fruit.

SEPT. 19, 1881.

"GOD GRANT HIM PEACE."

BY ANNA FORD PIPER.

[From The Boston Transcript.]

Low lies our noble dead,
Who for his country bled.
God grant him peace!
With each new morning's ray,
And 'mid the toil of day,
Father, to thee we pray,
God grant him peace!

Gone is our guiding hand,
Gone to the silent land,
Gone evermore!
Yet while enthroned on high,
Christ reigns in majesty,
Father, to thee we cry,
God grant him peace!

Pure, noble, just, and free,
Still may our nation be,
Father, we pray.
May we through darkest night,
Led by thy beacon light,
Like him defend the right.
God grant him peace!

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JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY EMMA POMEROY EATON.

[From The Boston Transcript.]

O SWEET and patient soul, enduring, bold!
Thy rare, ennobling virtues were not told
Until, sore stricken by no fault of thine,
A waiting world beheld thy strength divine.

Hast thou not honor, when from east to west
The whole world round obeys one sad behest?
Prone at thy bier a sorrowing people lies,
And each with all in lowly homage vies.

O noble one and true! thou canst not die.
Throned in the nation's heart, thou liv'st for aye:
Thine aim and purpose shall thy life outrun,
Nor aim and purpose die, though life be done.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 23, 1881.

GARFIELD DEAD.

BY D. P.

[From The Capital.]

"Duncan is in his grave:
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further." — *Shakspeare.*

HURT unto death, and dead at last. In vain
The cry of anguish from the people wrung,
That like a tender mother tearful hung,
In grief sublime,
Counting by pulse-beats the fatal steps of time
Above that bed of pain.
The land was dark with sorrow. From wooded Maine
To where the wide Pacific chafes the Golden Gate,
From blue North lakes down to the Flowery State,
From cities, hamlets, mountain, glen and plain,
E'en from the wilderness,
Wherever a human heart has beat, or human footstep trod,
Went up to God

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The cry for succor in our sore distress.
The fearful rent,
That internecine war wrought us in twain,
His precious blood is God's cement,
To bind us in one brotherhood again.
Grief washed out Passion's angry hue,
And mingling tears for him come gray and blue.
In vain
May selfish factions seek once more to reign,
And stir to life
Our evil passions into bloody strife,
That once our nation's hopes in common ruin blent.
Land whispered unto land. Beneath the solemn main,
Through dark, unfathomed caves, the lightning-laden nerve of life
For an instant trembled with our tale of pain,
And nations paused, amid their vexing strife,
To send their sorrow back to us again.
Crowned heads were bowed; and back-bent toil,
Watering with unrequited sweat the alien soil,
With uncovered head,
Stood in the presence of our mighty dead.
The dead have lain in state,
The wise, the good, the great, —
Soldier, statesman, potentate, —
And o'er the land, to grief awake,
Huge bells swinging to and fro,
Solemn and slow,
With iron tongues have told their tales of woe,
While waves of music beat upon the air
In rhythmed sweetness all their wild despair.
It was our living that we laid in state:
And the nation, desolate,
Through the heavy watches with breath abate:
And hearts nigh broken praying for the balm
Of health again; for on that quickening breath
And fever-hurried face rode Death.
Ah! not for him alone: we saw with dread
The Great Republic hanging by a slender thread;
And he alone was calm.
Patient and brave, as gentle as a child,
He sadly smiled,
While grief around was wild,
And took the chance they gave him. Tender and true,
How sweet and homely were his words of cheer,
In answer to his poor wife's tears and fear,

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"Don't cry, sweetheart: we will yet pull through."
What recks all glory to that lonely home,
Where sits the mother, aged and alone?
Of all, alas! bereft, sad she sits, and dreams
Upon life's earlier scenes, —
Of the hard struggle and her noble son,
Who fought through all until the goal was won;
And in the hour of triumph, with loving grace,
Turned to kiss her in the nation's place.
She cannot feel him dead:
His manly form and noble head
Are ever with her; he's "her baby" still.
The dim perceptions cloud the present o'er,
And save the pains that kill.
The broken rainbow yet its arch retains,
And points to earth like life. Our grave remains,
Whatever glory be for us in store.

God help the brave, true heart
That lost not hope till hope itself was dead, —
The loving wife, who filled an angel's part,
And smiled to cheer above a heart that bled;
Who crowded down the blinding tears
And anguished fears,
Hiding her pain,
That she alone might nurse her lord to life again.
Our hero's widow is a nation's care,
Her babes the people's own.
Ah, me! of what avail the groan,
The lamentations all must share?
Vain mockery of words. They deeper grief will start
To one who carries dead like this upon her living heart.
Thou art gone;
And the great world goes roaring on, —
The cities hum of human life, the roar
Of ocean on the rocky shore;
Season follows season; and o'er the land,
In sun and storm, the farmer's horny hand
Tills the warm earth;
Myriads of men have birth,
And myriads are carried to the tomb;
Birds sing, and flowers bloom,
And shining rivers roll in music to the sea:
No more, no more; oh! never more may we
Turn in our love to thee.

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We search in vain,
By mountain side, or lake, or plain,
Or thy loved solitude
Of thought-haunted wood,
Or rocky glen,
Or 'mid the busy haunts of men:
No more may we our hero see.
Thy kingly form is mouldering into dust;
Thy spirit is with God, we trust;
Thy life has passed into a memory.

MAC-O-CHEE, 21st September, 1881.

REQUIEM.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

[From The Boston Journal.]

TOLL, toll the bells!
The midnight silence waking.
Toll, toll the bells!
The nation's heart is breaking.

Toll, toll the bells!
Nor tarry till the morrow.
Toll, toll the bells!
That voice a nation's sorrow.

Toll, toll the bells!
A stricken widow weepeth.
Toll, toll the bells!
A wearied sufferer sleepeth.

Toll, toll the bells!
Now to thy knees, O nation!
Toll, toll the bells!
In God is thy salvation.

Toll, toll the bells!
The solemn memory cherish.
One man has died,[1]
Let not the nation perish!

CHELSEA, Midnight, Sept. 19, 1881.

[1] St. John's Gospel, xi. 50.

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GARFIELD'S RIDE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

[SEPTEMBER 20, 1863.]

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

AGAIN the summer-fevered skies
The breath of autumn calms;
Again the golden moons arise
On harvest-happy farms.
The locusts pipe, the crickets sing
Among the falling leaves,
And wandering breezes sigh, and bring
The harp-notes of the sheaves.

Peace smiles upon the hills and dells;
Peace smiles upon the seas;
And drop the notes of happy bells
Upon the fruited trees.
The broad Missouri stretches far
Her commerce-gathering arms,
And multiply on Arkansaw
The grain-encumbered farms.

Old Chattanooga, crowned with green,
Sleeps 'neath her walls in peace;
The Argo has returned again,
And brings the Golden Fleece.
O nation! free from sea to sea,
In union blessed forever,
Fair be their fame who fought for thee
By Chickamauga River.

The autumn winds were piping low,
Beneath the vine-clad eaves;
We heard the hollow bugle blow
Among the ripened sheaves.
And fast the mustering squadrons passed
Through mountain portals wide,
And swift the blue brigades were massed
By Chickamauga's tide.

It was the sabbath; and in awe
We heard the dark hills shake,
And o'er the mountain turrets saw
The smoke of battle break.

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And 'neath that war-cloud, gray and grand,
The hills o'erhanging low,
The Army of the Cumberland,
Unequal, met the foe!

Again, O fair September night!
Beneath the moon and stars,
I see, through memories dark and bright,
The altar-fires of Mars.
The morning breaks with screaming guns
From batteries dark and dire,
And where the Chickamauga runs
Red runs the muskets' fire.

I see bold Longstreet's darkening host
Sweep through our lines of flame,
And hear again, "The right is lost!"
Swart Rosecrans exclaim.
"But not the left," young Garfield cries:
"From that we must not sever,
While Thomas holds the field that lies
On Chickamauga River!"

Oh! on that day of clouded gold,
How, half of hope bereft,
The cannoneers, like Titans, rolled
Their thunders on the left!
I see the battle-clouds again,
With glowing autumn splendors blending:
It seemed as if the gods with men
Were on Olympian heights contending.

Through tongues of flame, through meadows brown,
Dry valley roads concealed,
Ohio's hero dashes down
Upon the rebel field.
And swift, on reeling charger borne,
He threads the wooded plain,
By twice a hundred cannon mown,
And reddened with the slain.

But past the swathes of carnage dire,
The Union guns he hears,
And gains the left, begirt with fire,
And thus the heroes cheers—

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"While stands the left, yon flag o'erhead,
Shall Chattanooga stand!"
"Let the Napoleons rain their lead!"
Was Thomas's command.

Back swept the gray brigades of Bragg;
The air with victory rung;
And Wurzel's "Rally round the flag!"
'Mid Union cheers was sung.
The flag on Chattanooga's height
In twilight's crimson waved,
And all the clustered stars of white
Were to the Union saved.

O chief of staff! the nation's fate
That red field crossed with thee,
The triumph of the camp and state,
The hope of liberty!
O nation! free from sea to sea,
With union blessed forever,
Not vainly heroes fought for thee
By Chickamauga River.

In dreams I stand beside the tide
Where those old heroes fell:
Above the valleys long and wide
Sweet rings the sabbath bell.
I hear no more the bugle blow,
As on that fateful day:
I hear the ringdove fluting low,
Where shaded waters stray.

On Mission Ridge the sunlight streams
Above the fields of fall,
And Chattanooga calmly dreams
Beneath her mountain-wall.
Old Lookout Mountain towers on high,
As in heroic days,
When 'neath the battle in the sky
Were seen its summits blaze.

'Twas ours to lay no garlands fair
Upon the graves "unknown:"
Kind Nature sets her gentians there,
And fall the sear leaves lone.

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Those heroes' graves no shaft of Mars
May mark with beauty ever;
But floats the flag of forty stars
By Chickamauga River.

THE MINUTE-BELLS.

BY T. H. C.

[From The Transcript.]

THERE passed a sound, at midnight, through the land,
A solemn sound of sorrow and of fear, —
A sound that fell on every wakening ear
Bearing a message all could understand, —
The good, brave chief struck by the assassin's hand,
The choice of *one*, but to *all* parties dear;
A patriot, honest, upright, and sincere,
In presence noble, and in action grand.
And now that death, through weeks of agony,
Has led him to his rest, the nation sends,
Like Egypt in her tenth and final blow,
Through all the land a loud and bitter cry;
And feels, like her, as o'er her dead she bends,
There is in every home a present woe.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

[From The London Spectator.]

THE hush of the sick-room; the muffled tread;
Fond, questioning eye; mute lip, and listening ear;
Where wife and children watch, 'twixt hope and fear,
A father's, husband's living-dying bed! —
The hush of a great nation, when its head
Lies stricken! Lo! along the streets he's borne,
Pale, through rank'd crowds, this gray September morn,
'Mid straining eyes, sad brows unbonneted,
And reverent speechlessness! — a "people's voice!"
Nay, but a people's silence! through the soul
Of the wide world its subtler echoes roll,
O brother nation! England for her part
Is with thee: God willing, she whose heart
Throbbed with thy pain shall with thy joy rejoice.

SEPT. 6, 1881.

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JAMES A. GARFIELD.

[From Andrews's American Queen.]

SPEAK softly; for the midnight bell has tolled,
And o'er the living world the news has sped
That he who gave his life for us is dead,
Our loved one that was cast in knightly mould.

Tread gently till that treasured form is laid
Beneath the sod he would have died to save.
He who on earth was bravest of the brave
Now sleeps in peace, none making him afraid.

Weep sorely; for our hearts are sore to-day
For him who calmly suffered and was strong, —
For him who bore a cruel, bitter wrong,
That centuries of tears can never wash away.

Speak kindly: let us chant our hero's praise,
And sing of deeds that won him deathless fame;
So that our children may revere his name,
And learn the mighty truths of former days.

Tell proudly how, with penury's chill hand,
This son of freedom fought his way to place;
Passing his compeers in the upward race,
Until he stood the foremost in the land.

Tread softly: he is gone, the good, the just,
Our noble Garfield, loved above his peers.
Be ours the pride within the coming years
To cherish those he loved, — the people's trust.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY MRS. EVA McNAIR PARSONS.

[From Louisville Courier-Journal.]

THERE cometh a moan on the autumn air:
'Tis the wail of a nation's dark despair;
And its echoes athwart the billows sweep
Of the mighty ocean, dark and deep.
In accents low says the voice of dread, —
"Our chieftain is numbered with the dead."

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Crushed by the murderer's fatal shot,
Now low he lies: while a loathsome blot
Made by the deed our banner bears;
And the constant rain of a nation's tears,
And the law's reward, and the hangman's due,
And the curse of the noble, brave, and true,
Can ne'er to its spotless woof restore
The pure and pristine hues it wore.

Nothing can waken and stir again
The busy thoughts of that silent brain;
Nought of the chemist's or surgeon's skill
Bring to the pulses the life's glad thrill:
Worn with its struggle, the body's guest,
The tireless spirit, has soared to rest.

O Goddess of Liberty, veil thy face!
Plant thou a cypress within the place
Where once in its glory and grandeur grew
The chartered worth of our freedom new,
And, over our blood-bought victories past,
The dreary pall of bereavement cast.

O patriots, rise and avenge the deed!
No longer the brazen Moloch feed,
Which stretches its arms both far and wide,
For the gains of dishonor, fraud, and pride;
Defiles the waters which flood the state
With poisoned draughts of revenge and hate;
While virtue in widowed sorrow weeps
Above the couch where her victim sleeps.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 20, 1881.

THE SOBBING OF THE BELLS.

(MIDNIGHT, SEPTEMBER 19-20.)

BY WALT WHITMAN.

THE sobbing of the bells, the sudden death-news everywhere,
The slumberers rouse, the rapport of the People,
(Full well they know that message in the darkness,
Full well return the sad reverberations,)
The passionate toll and clang — city to city, joining, sounding, passing,
Those heart-beats of a Nation in the night.

[*From a forthcoming volume.*]

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GARFIELD.

[From Puck.]

LAY him to sleep whom we have learned to love;
Lay him to sleep whom we have learned to trust.
No blossom of hope shall spring from out his dust;
No flower of faith shall bloom his sod above.

Although the sod by sorrowful hands be drest,
Although the dust with tenderest tears be drenched,
A feebler light succeeds the new light quenched,
And weaker hands the strong hands crossed in rest.

Our new, our untried leader — when he rose,
Though still old hatreds fed upon old griefs,
Death or disgrace had stilled the cry of chiefs
Of old who rallied us against our foes.

A soldier of the camp, we knew him thus:
No saintly champion, high above his kind,
To follow with devotion mad and blind, —
He fought and fared, essayed and erred, with us.

And so, half-hearted, went we where he led;
And, following whither beckoned his bright blade,
Learned his high will and purpose undismayed;
And brought him all our faith — and found him dead.

Is of the sacred pall, that once of yore
Draped Lincoln dead, one mouldering fragment left?
Spread it above him, — knight whose helm was cleft
Fair in the fight, as his who fell before.

As his who fell before, his seat we dress
With pitiful shreds of black, that flow and fail
Upon the bosom of the breeze, whose wail
Prays us respect that hallowed emptiness.

Ay! who less worthy now may take that chair,
If our first martyr's spirit on one hand
And this new ghost upon the other stand,
Saying, Betray thy country if thou dare!

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GARFIELD.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[From The Philadelphia North-American.]

CHICKAMAUGA, SEPT. 19, 1863.

UNDAUNTED 'mid the whirlwind storm of war,
The shock of surging foes, the wild dismay
Of shattered legions, swept in blood away,
While the red conflict, thundering afar,
Raged on the left — yet all unseen, unknown —
Great chieftain! man of men! 'twas thine alone,
With faith and courage high, the guiding star
Of that disastrous field, to seek the fray
Where still the hosts of Union hold their own,
With wasting lines that stand, and strive, and bleed,
Waiting the promise of a better day.
O steadfast soul! O heart of oak! No harm
Could reach thee then: thou hadst for shield His arm
Who kept thee for the nation's later need.

ELBERON, SEPT. 19, 1881.

Gone are the weary, woeful weeks of pain;
Dead are a nation's hopes, and hot her tears.
The immemorial cycle of the years
Of people's woe completes itself again.
And thou, great soul! — that through these times of peace
Hast with thy highest might that nation served,
And best endeavor; who hast never swerved
From right, midst faction's brawl that will not cease,
And who, through all these carking months of woe,
Hast held thyself as patient and serene
As when on Chickamauga's field between
The eddying lines that wavered to and fro
Like stormy ocean tides, thou didst demean
Thyself the hero, — enter now thy rest!
A nation's grief shall keep thy memory green,
A nation's love enshrine thee in her breast.

LOCKPORT, N.Y.

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HE LOVED OUR CRAFT.

BY E. S. B.

[From The Publishers' Weekly.]

NOT as for one who held with steady hand
The centred interests of his native land,
Not for a leader lost, a patriot dead,
Alone our grief is spent, our tears are shed:
We mourn a mind at rest, a great brain stilled,
A noble intellect in madness killed.
He loved our craft of books, that gives to man
The garnered thoughts that past and present span,
A tireless student still he reads the page
That yields life-lessons both from wit and sage.
So, while we mourn our stricken ruler slain,
Our deeper loss but gives us deeper pain.

GARFIELD.

BY ARTHUR N. WILLCUTT.

[From The Boston Post.]

THE lightning rends the mighty oak,
And hurls it prostrate to the earth:
The power that gave the deadly stroke
Returns to whence it had its birth.

But nevermore will come again
To life the oak, or life to man:
Its glory was its earthly bane,
The height to which its measure ran.

So Garfield fell! the assassin's hand
Was but the force that moves unseen,
A test, perhaps, for our loved land
To try its faith, — on God to lean.

Maybe some duty unfulfilled,
Some wrongful act to race or creed,
Has made the nation's life thus spilled
A sacrifice to atone the deed.

And while a wail goes o'er the land
At Garfield's brutal, bloody fall,
Let North and South united stand,
And trust in Him who ruleth all.

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A NATION'S SORROW.

BY JOHN READE.

[From The Montreal Gazette.]

"Is this the end of our waiting and hoping so long?
O Death, thou hast taken our hero! The vigorous will
Is powerless now; and the heart, so tender and strong,
So patient and loving to all, at last is still.

"Oh! that such as he should be stricken down in his prime,
By a craven hand, out of fifty millions and more!
We shall know what it means, no doubt, in God's good time;
But now we question in vain, and our hearts are sore.

"Thou hast pierced with thy sting, O Death! a nation's heart:
Could nought but our noblest and wisest have sufficed?
We would bow to His will, whose servant, O Death! thou art;
But oh! must Barabbas be ever preferred to Christ?

"O God! thou knowest, whatever our sins have been,
That he whom we mourn to-day was loyal and good:
His aims were honest, his heart and his hands were clean,
He never followed in evil the multitude.

"True patriot ever, true martyr, — what nobler life
Lives in the world's great record of deathless fame?
And ages hence, when hushed are these sounds of strife,
A grander nation in honor will hold his name.

"Even now, as we stand by our soldier-statesman's grave,
The martyr-seed gives promise of blessed fruit:
Baffled and wan, Sedition forgets to rave,
And Faction, ashamed, has been stricken stark and mute.

"From former foes comes a voice of generous sorrow,
And North and South have united their tears for the slain;
While afar through the mist of our grief shines the dawn of a morrow
When to conflict peace shall succeed, and gladness to pain."

. . . . . .

Such is the wail that we hear on the southern breeze,
From a kindred race for a ruler of noble heart;
Not unknown to us, too, are such awful sorrows as these,
And fain, if we could, would we neighborly solace impart.

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O wife and children dear! O mother revered!
While your nation weeps with you for its martyred chief,
His memory makes you to all mankind endeared,
And monarch and peasant share alike in your grief.

God grant you comfort, bereaved ones, and pitying love,
To whom the widow and orphan are ever dear,
And bring you at last to that happy home above,
Where friends part never, and love casts out all fear.

. . . . . .

Thy ways, O God! are far as east to west from ours;
Thou seest of all that happens beginning, middle, and end;
What now is bitter seed may one day be sweet flowers,
And what seems now so dark to light and joy may tend.

Even in this sad season of a nation's fiery trial,
And searching of the hearts of men that sit on high,
'Tis well to know, that, in an age of doubting and denial,
There are such men as Garfield was, in faith to live and die.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

[From The Cincinnati Commercial.]

OH! where shall we lay our deep sorrow?
How speak of our loss?
Since our hero, our martyr, is given
The crown for the cross?

Since he, our ruler, our leader,
Our nation's true guide,
Has entered that rest which remaineth
In the fair summer-tide?

He has fought the good fight; he has entered
The rest that God gave;
And the lives he has blessed bring the tribute
We lay on his grave.

For all, in his presence benignant,
Were exalted and cheered;
And virtue seemed more to be cherished,
And sin to be feared.

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Our country, whose lessons our martyr
So faithfully taught,
Brings its tears and its love, — ay, its gladness,
For the work that he wrought.

Bring your gratitude, country immortal,
O'er land and o'er sea!
For the tears of two nations shall mingle,
Our hero, for thee!

Oh! still from that life thou has entered,
Behold us, we pray;
Vouchsafe still to guide and direct us,
And teach us the way.

And so, in the hush of the autumn,
In its silence and calm,
We will gather the few leaves of healing,
For sorrow a balm;

And remember his greatness, his honor,
His rare culture and grace,
His rich gifts and firm faith that no other
Can hope to replace.

And still will the God of the nations
Make our sorrow a shrine
When we wait, in sublime aspirations,
The guidance divine!

BOSTON, Sept. 21, 1881.

OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

BY C. H. C.

[From The New-York Tribune.]

WHO has the fitting word,
When every breast is stirred
With sorrow far too deep for words to tell?
Yet as, amid death's gloom,
Friends whisper in the room,
We speak of him who lived and died so well.

Night reigned beside the sea,
When morning came to thee,
Long-waiting heart, so patient and so brave!
Light fell upon thy door,
Pain ceased forevermore,
Back to its Maker fled the life he gave.

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Like messengers in quest,
Then started east and west
  Two tidal waves of sorrow round the world;
Millions of eyes were wet
Before the tidings met
  Where in the Eastern seas our flags are furled.

Quickly, through throbbing wire,
Those waves of sorrow dire
  Awoke across the land the mournful bells:
Men roused, and could not sleep;
For, pulsing strong and deep,
  All hearts that knew were ringing funeral knells.

Wives gazed in husbands' eyes,
And tears would slowly rise
  For her who fought with Death so long alone;
And children with no task
Were left themselves to ask,
  Why Death this father took, and not their own.

On all the shadow falls:
It hushes college halls,
  It consecrates the cabins of the West;
The freedmen loved him well;
Soldiers his praises tell;
  The rudest boatman is too sad to jest.

Still, over hills and dells,
The beautiful sad bells
  Repeat the nation's sorrow for her son;
But he doth hear the chime
Of a more peaceful clime
  Than Mentor's fields or quiet Elberon.

Like him, the Crucified,
He, who so calmly died,
  Has made the world the better for his pain:
Surely we now may know
Our leader was laid low
  To lift the nation to a higher plane.

We say as once he said, —
Our hero-ruler dead, —
  "The Lord still reigns, the country is secure."
There's none can fill his place:
Rule Thou, O God of grace!
  And guide us on to days more bright and pure.

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LAKE-VIEW CEMETERY.

BY W. D. KELLY.

[From The Boston Pilot.]

GOD rest his soul! and may the victor's crown
Of immortality inwreathe his head
Whose spirit from its mortal frame has fled!
Sadly and reverently we lay him down,
While, tolling in the city and the town,
The bells ring requiems for our ruler dead;
But all the tears that sympathy can shed
Serve not the sorrow of our hearts to drown,
Who recognize that he, whose noble life
Such woeful termination murder wrought,
Was sacrificed in an ignoble strife,
Where worthless demagogues for office fought,
Where greed was uppermost, and passion rife,
And honesty of purpose valued nought.

Back from the seaside, where but yesterday
We bore him in the hope the breezy shore
His failing forces might again restore,
Only to see them slowly waste away;
Into the Capitol, where, while he lay,
The spirits of the great men gone before,
His predecessors in its halls of yore,
Kept watch and guard above his pulseless clay;
To this fair city of the mighty West,
To the broad bosom of his native State,
That nursed him for us on her hardy breast,
And sent him forth to this untoward fate,
We bring his soulless shape, that it may rest
Within his mother's keeping and estate.

But he is hers no more! the people claim
Him as their heritage; and on the scrolls
Where Immortality the names enrolls
Of those whose lives have won undying fame,
Their hands have written Garfield's, and the same
Shall have a charm to move our children's souls
As long as democratic pride controls
Their hearts, and murder be accounted shame:

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The South shall vie in praises with the North,
The East yield not in worship to the West,
But all alike pay homage to his worth,
Who, if he failed in some things, stood the test
Of his last, greatest trial, and went forth
Out of his own land, mourned by all the rest.

No king was he! but never king, I trow,
Wore richer diadems than these our love
Places to-day his poor, pale brows above.
We could not crown him while he lived; but now
That he has gone from us, our hands endow
Him with the sceptre, and our hearts approve
Whatever honors patriotism may move
The land to give him: fifty millions bow
In grief beside this Presidential grave,
Where the dark cypresses their branches toss,
Who mourn that neither prayer nor skill could save
Their country from the anguish of his loss,
And each one feels the crowns that monarchs have,
Compared to his, are vile and worthless dross.

And thus we leave him in his narrow bed,
Anear the margin of yon placid lake,
Where the soft music of the waves that break
Upon the sandy shores beneath us spread,
Sing their eternal requiems for the dead;
But what can heal the wounds that bleed and ache
In hearts that loved him for his own dear sake,
And will not in their grief be comforted!
O Christ! who, when the widow lost her son,
Gave him back life to ease his mother's dole;
With whom the endless ages are but one,
That has no origin, that knows no goal,—
We do not murmur that thy will is done,
But crave thy rest for this beloved soul.

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PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[From The Independent.]

"*E venni dal martirio a questa pace.*"

THESE words the Poet heard in Paradise,
Uttered by one who, bravely dying here,
In the true faith, was living in that sphere
Where the Celestial Cross of sacrifice
Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies;
And, set thereon, like jewels crystal clear,
The souls magnanimous, that knew not fear,
Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled eyes.

Ah, me! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!

This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense:
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace!"

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Sept. 26, 1881.

BY THE SEA. — SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

BY MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

WATCHMAN! what of the night?
The sky is dark, my friend,
And we in heavy grief await the end.
A light is burning in a silent room,
But we — we have no light in all the gloom.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, strong men watch the light
With the strange mist of tears before their sight,
And women at each hearthstone sob and pray
That the great darkness end at last in day.

Watchman! how goes the night?
Wearily, friend, for him,
Yet his heart quails not, though the light burns dim.

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As bravely as he fought the field of life,
He bears himself in this, the final strife.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, we are left no word,
To tell of all the bitter sorrow stirred
In our sad souls. We stand and rail at Fate
Who leaves hands empty and hearts desolate.

"Are pure, great souls so many in the land
That we should lose the chosen of the band?"
We cry! But he who suffers lies,
Meeting sharp-weaponed Pain with steadfast eyes,
And makes no plaint, while on the threshold Death
Half draws his keen sword from its glittering sheath
And looking inward pauses — lingering long,
Faltering — himself the weak before the Strong.

Watchman! how goes the night?
In tears, my friend, and praise
Of his high truth and generous, trusting ways;
Of his warm love and buoyant hope and faith,
Which passed life's fires free from all blight or scath.
Strange! we forget the laurel-wreath we gave,
And only *love* him standing near his grave.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, when it is past
We wonder what our grief can bring at last,
To lay upon his broad, true, tender breast,
What flower whose sweetness shall outlast the rest?
And this we set from all the bloom apart:
"He woke new love and faith in every heart."

Watchman! what of the night?
Would God that it were gone
And we might see once more the rising dawn!
The darkness deeper grows — the light burns low,
There sweeps o'er land and sea a cry of woe!

Watchman! What now? What now?
Hush, friend — we may not say
Only that — all the pain has passed away.

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SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

In their dark House of Cloud
The three weird sisters toil till time be sped.

I.

CLOTHO.

How long, O sister, how long
  Ere the weary task is done?
How long, O sister, how long
  Shall the fragile thread be spun?

LACHESIS.

'Tis mercy that stays her hand,
  Else she had cut the thread;
She is a woman too,
  Like her who kneels by his bed!

ATROPOS.

Patience! the end is come:
  He shall no more endure;
See! with a single touch! —
  My hand is swift and sure.

II.

FIRST ANGEL.

Listen! what was it fell
  An instant since on my ear —
A sound like the throb of a bell
  From yonder darkling sphere!

SECOND ANGEL.

The planet where mortals dwell!
  I hear it not . . . nay, I hear! —
A sound of sorrow and dole!

FIRST ANGEL.

Listen! It is the knell
  Of a passing soul! —
The midnight lamentation
Of a stricken nation
  For its Chieftain's soul!

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GARFIELD.

[From The Springfield Republican.]

LAUREL-CROWNED our hero lies!
Heavy the hearts that loved him;
  By his bier the bitter tear
Falls for the fatal sacrifice;
  But his deeds shall live in story —
  All his greatness, all his glory,
Trumpet-toned, recorded be
By the muse of history.

GARFIELD, PRESIDENT OF THE PEOPLE.

(*Died, September 19, 1881.*)

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

WHAT is this silence, that calls?
  What is this deafness, that hears?
The silence is Death. Like a voice it falls;
  It rings in the heedless ears,

That never shall hearken again
  To the words of our blame or praise,
Nor the low-hushed moan of a nation's pain,
  As it rolls through the darkened days!

And the motionless body must yield
  To the spell of that hushed command.
Oh, that one of us, dying, had been the shield,
  To save that life for our land!

Garfield — the name so plain,
  The name we knew so well! —
The name, we shall never forget again,
  Of the man who for honesty fell!

Man that was trusted of men —
  Brave, and not fearing to die
More than to face life's meanness, when
  It clamored its partisan lie! —

Though you leave us, we lose you not!
  In the republic you live
Sacred, and part of its deathless lot,
  For whose life your life you give.

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O sorrow, that falls like a stone
In the midst of the calm of our peace,
As the waves of pity around you have grown,
So may our truth increase!

IN ENGLAND, Sept. 20, 1881.

PRESIDENT JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

[From The Independent.]

YEA, he is dead whom in its heart the nation
Through anxious summer vigils sadly bore,
And powerless are tears and supplication
To bring our chieftain back forevermore.
The darkness swept him to the shadowy shore,
Where echoes not our voice of lamentation;
In vain the tolling bells ring dirges o'er him,
And nations mourn, united, and deplore him.

How nobly met he, and with heart unquailing,
In stalwart manhood's prime, his bitter doom;
And bravely fought, with faith and cheer unfailing,
The weary fight through endless days of gloom!
Nay, even within the shadow of the tomb,
While slowly ebbed his strength and life-blood paling,
His smile lit up the night that deepened round him,
And gentle, fearless, calm, Death's angel found him.

And how, with breathless hope and spirit shaken,
The nation watched beside its martyr's bed,
And saw his life's flame flutter and awaken
With fitful flicker, as it upward sped!
Though absent, we beheld his fallen head,
Yet by its manly beauty unforsaken,
By dolor wasted, and his eye grow dimmer,
Until the gloom engulfed its last fond glimmer.

His was a vigorous soul, of ampler vision
Than those who blindly grope in honor's quest.
Unnurturéd by Europe's worn tradition,
He sprang, puissant, from the virgin West.
And, suckled at a noble mother's breast,
He drank our soil's stern manhood and ambition,
And rose from humble toil to heights of splendor,
His country's pride and hope and her defender.

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Alas! the dart of Death, with cruel fleetness,
Found his great heart, for he was foully slain.
Yet his career was grand. Its incompleteness
Gives it a larger mission and domain;
For vainly he lives not, nor dies in vain,
Whose life is full of valor, light, and sweetness,
And at whose bier a sundered people gather,
To weep as for a common friend and father.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 20, 1881.

WHY SHOULD THEY KILL MY BABY?

BY WILL CARLETON.

[From "Farm Ballads," Harper & Brothers, New York.]

[The aged mother of the President is reported to have exclaimed as above upon hearing the news of his attempted assassination.]

WHY should they kill my baby — for he seems the same to me
As when, in the morning twilight, I tossed him on my knee,
And sowed for him hopes to blossom when he should become a man,
And dreamed for him such a future as only a mother can.

I looked ahead to the noon-time with proud but trembling joy;
I had a vision of splendor for my sweet, bright-eyed boy:
But little enough I fancied that when he had gained renown
Base Envy's poisoned bullet would suddenly strike him down.

Why should they want to kill him? Because he had cut his way
Through Poverty's gloomy woodland out into the open day,
And sent a shout of good cheer to those who were yet within,
That honor is born of striving, and honesty yet can win?

Or was it because from boyhood he manfully bared his breast
To fight for the poor and lowly and aid the sore oppressed?
Ah me! the world is working upon a treacherous plan
When he who has struck for mankind is stricken down by man!

Or did they begrudge his mother the hand he reached her still,
No odds how high he clambered up Fortune's glittering hill?
For in his proudest life-day he turned from the honors of earth,
And came and tenderly kissed me — the mother who gave him birth.

Shame on the wretch who struck him and prays that the blow may kill!
And pity for his poor mother, if she be living still!
May God in mercy aid him his black crime to atone,
And help me to forgive him — I cannot do it alone!

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GARFIELD.

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

[From The New York Evening Post.]

THE wondrous providence of God most high
Forever out of evil worketh good,
And even through that murderer's deed of blood
Hath power to draw divergent peoples nigh
By one strong bond of yearning brotherhood.
Thou heaven-born king of men! to death subdued
After those eighty days of struggling pain,
Yet hast thou conquered death, so long withstood;
For when at length rest claimed thee from that strife,
We know thou didst not live, nor die, in vain —
A man both great in death and good in life.
And let us praise another, standing by,
Brave-hearted nurse through that long agony,
Angel of love and hope — thy widowed wife!

UPPER NORWOOD, Sept. 26, 1881.

ASSASSINATION.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

O blinded readers of the score of Time,
Think ye that Freedom yields her hand to crime?

Or the fair whiteness of her virginal bud
Of heavenly hope would desecrate with blood?

Her eyes are chastened lightnings, and the fire
Of her divinely purified desire

Burns not in ambush by assassins trod,
But on the holiest mountain heights of God!

So, ye that fain would meet her fond embrace,
Purge the base soul, unmask the treacherous face,

Drop bowl or dagger while ye bring her naught
But the grand worship of a selfless thought!

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AFTER ALL'S DONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

His wife asked him where was his pain. Garfield answered, "Darling, even to live is pain."

To live was pain — to die is peace;
Falling asleep in tender arms;
Ended vain hopes, more vain alarms,
Blind struggles for impossible ease.

Yes, life was loss, and death is gain;
The martyr's blood, the church's seed.
O Christian, to Christ's world-large creed,
Faithful to death! — die, rise and reign!

Reign, king-like, o'er the souls of men;
Shame them from paltry lust of gold,
From public honor bought and sold,
From venal lie of tongue or pen.

Reign in the hearts of women brave,
Fit mothers of the men to be;
Like that true woman loved by thee,
Whom God so loved He could not save.

But thou art saved — her hero! Thine
The glorious rest of battle won,
A setting of the mid-day sun,
And, lo! the stars burst out and shine.

No long dull twilight of weak age, —
Morn's glow forgot in misty night;
Thy record was full writ in light,
And then — thine angel closed the page.

All's done, all's said. The tale is told.
Across the ocean hands clasp hands;
One voice of weeping from all lands
Binds the New World unto the Old;

Then — silence; and we go our ways,
Work our small work for good or ill;
But thou, through whom the Master's will
Was done, and didst it, to His praise,

Go straightway into eternal light!
On earth among the immortal dead;
In heaven — that mystery none hath read;
We walk by faith, and not by sight.

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But this we know, or feel, half known:
He who from evil brings forth good,
His message, although writ in blood,
He left upon thy funeral stone.

OUR DEPARTED PRESIDENT.

BY ALFRED NEVIN, D.D.

Bear him back in silent sorrow,
Place him 'neath his native sod;
There in angels' guard to slumber,
Whilst his spirit rests in God.
Bear him back, the nation's hero —
At her highest altar slain —
Hero on the field of battle —
Hero on the bed of pain.

Bear him back, where his dear household
To his tomb may oft repair —
Cherished mother, wife and children,
Feeling that he still is near.
Bear him back, the struggle's over,
Doubt and weariness and pain.
Though but few may be his cortege,
Mourning millions make his train.

Bear him back, and though grief's passion
Soon may be assuaged and calmed,
In the world's well-won affection
Will his mem'ry be embalmed;
Bear him back, nor o'er his ashes
Let a broken shaft be placed —
Life, though short, is nobly finished,
When with excellence so graced.

Bear him back; yet his example,
Bright and true, and good and pure,
Ling'ring with the stricken nation,
Through long ages will endure.
Bear him back, nor let faith falter,
Though her prayers did not prevail,
We must trust in densest darkness
Him whose love can never fail.

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HYMN.

BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

Now all ye flowers make room,
Hither we come in gloom,
To make a mighty tomb,
  Sighing and weeping.
Grand was the life he led,
Wise was each word he said,
But with the noble dead
  We leave him sleeping.

Soft may his body rest,
As on his mother's breast,
Whose love stands all confessed
  Mid blinding tears.
But may his soul so white
Rise in triumphant flight,
And in God's land of light
  Spend endless years.

"ANOTHER MARTYR."

BY PROFESSOR G. T. R. KNORR.

Another martyr for country has fall'n,
  Another true son been taken;
Again with great grief does the nation mourn, —
  All hearts to woe forsaken.
But the nation lives, and each patriot son
  With each patriot son shall vie
In recalling the deeds he has bravely done,
  And his life's work ne'er shall die.

We'll bear him away — our country's dead —
  His bier with sweet flow'rs o'erstrewing;
We'll lay him to rest in our mother earth,
  His grave with tears bedewing.
But God doth reign, and His praise we'll sing,
  Though deep in our woe we lie —
We'll pray for strength in the days to come,
  And our faith shall never die.

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TOLL FOR THE CHIEF.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

[From the Inter-Ocean.]

TOLL for the chief! the august martyr chief,
That so tenderly we carry to the grave,
As our brothers onward march, "beneath a living arch,"
With slow and solemn tread march the brave;
With arms reversed and craped,
With banners darkly draped,
As mournfully above his corse they wave.

Toll for the brave! the gallant soldier brave,
Ever steadfast to his trust, ever faithful, ever just;
Who, in siege or battle-field, was never known to yield;
Oh, lay him gently down, as we whisper "dust to dust."
Forever rest the dead
In this doubly honored bed,
While his spirit soars away from "moth and rust."

Toll for the true! The statesman, good and true,
On the rostrum, in the forum, and the hall;
Who espoused the people's cause, for just and equal laws,
And struggled for the right at their call.
Lay his honored relics down;
He has won a hero's crown,
And the nobles of the earth bear his pall.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24, 1881.

GARFIELD.

[From London Punch.]

So fit to die! With courage calm,
Armed to confront the threatening dart;
Better than skill is such high heart,
And helpfuller than healing balm.

So fit to live! With power cool
Equipped to fill his function great,
To crush the knaves who shame the State, —
Place-seeking pests of honest rule.

Equal to either fate he'll prove;
May Heaven's high will incline the scale
The way our prayers would fain avail
To weight it — to long life and love!

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ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

[From London Punch.]

SILENCE were best, if hand in hand,
Like friends, sea-sundered peoples met;
But words must wing from land to land
The utterance of the heart's regret,
Though harsh on ears that Sorrow thralls
E'en Sympathy's low accent falls.

Salt leagues that part us check no whit,
What knows not bounds of time or space, —
The homestead feeling that must knit
World-scattered kin in speech and race,
None like ourselves may well bemoan
Columbia's sorrow; 'tis our own.

A sorrow of the noble sort,
Which love and pride make pure and fair;
A grief that is not misery's sport;
A pain that bows not to despair:
Beginning not in courtly woe,
To end in pageantry and show.

The great Republic's foremost son,
Struck foully, falls; but they who mourn
Brave life cut short, good work half done,
Yet trust that from beyond Death's bourne
That blameless memory's gifts may be
Peace, Concord, Civic Purity.

Scarce known of us till struck for death,
He stirred us by his valiant fight
With mortal pain. With bated breath
We waited tidings morn and night.
The hope that's nursed by strong desire,
Though shaken often, will not tire.

And now our sables type, in truth,
A more than ceremonial pain.
We send, Court, Cottage, Age and Youth,
From open hearts, across the main,
Our sympathy — it never swerved —
To Wife he loved, to Land he served.

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THE NATION'S GRIEF.

BY PROF. THOMAS NELSON HASKELL.

With awe profound this day
The Nation bows to pray
In bitter grief:
And through the stricken land
The broken-hearted stand,
And mourn on every hand
Their martyred Chief.

The Almighty Ruler hears
His sorrowing people's tears
Fall at his feet;
Makes our just cause his care,
Indites and hears our prayer,
And for us still makes bare
His mercy-seat.

O Thou who hast removed
"Him whom the people loved" —
Thy servant rare —
Who gavest him strength and light
To see and guard the right,
Still grant Thy holy might
To men of prayer.

Bless still our Nation's head —
Successor of the dead —
And keep his life;
While armies cease their tread,
And those who fought and bled,
Rest in their peaceful bed,
Heal all our strife.

Comfort each stricken one,
O God, the Father, Son
And Holy Ghost;
While in our hearts we own
That here Thy love is known,
And Thine the only throne,
Of which we boast.

DENVER, COL.

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JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY WAKE HUBBELL.

He climbed the rough and rugged hill of fame,
And there he writ his everlasting name;
In letters bright and pure as shining gold,
The story of his life he briefly told.

A little mound — the greenest spot,
And sighing winds around his cot,
And willows sad, and lone and drear,
And where we all shall shed a tear.

The marble slab with age will rust,
And bones of his turn into dust;
But while the stars are in the sky
His *name* will live, and will not die.

WINTON PLACE, O.

AT ELBERON.

BY FAY HEMPSTEAD.

After so long a time! Merciful father,
Pity the land were the dead ruler lies!
Vainly she utters her sorrows unceasing,
Earthwardly bending her tear-burdened eyes.

Dead in the prime of his manhood and lustre;
Dead at the crest of his worthy-won fame;
Leaving enwreathed in the hearts of his people
Forever, the light of an undying name.

Grandly he wrought in the world's sturdy battle;
Grandly he scaled honor's dizziest height;
Then, as an eagle would, heavenward ascending,
Passed into clouds and was lost to the sight.

Breathless the nation has watched o'er his pillow;
Praying — oh, never was earnester made! —
Hoping — heart-weary — yet hoping unshaken
Still, that the death-angel's hand might be stayed.

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Through the long days of the fierce-flaming summer,
Far into autumn-time bravely strove he,
Only to sink in the grasp of the victor,
There by the shores of the low-moaming sea.

Ah! who can say what a sigh and a shudder
Ran through the uttermost bounds of the land,
When the deep tones of the towers at midnight,
Told the sad tale that the end was at hand!

Who that can tell of the tears shed in secret,
Quivering lips on the down-bended head,
As the faint light of the first rays of morning,
Shone where the hope of the Nation lay dead!

Bury him, then, with the whole people weeping!
Toll the slow bell in its mournfullest tone;
Weep with the widowed one; weep for the fatherless;
Ours is a grief like a kinsman were gone.

Muffle the drum, and with low-drooping banners
Bear home the soldier-chief, gone to his rest!
There lay him asleep, the beloved of his country,
Close by the wide-spreading plains of the West!

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Sept. 20, 1881.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

BY SARAH DEWOLF GAMWELL.

[From The Springfield Republican.]

DEAD? Did we ask that he might die?
Is it for this we pray?
Dead? And the heart of the nation breaks,
And the world is dumb to-day!

Clang, iron tongues! Toll, muffled bells!
Ye powers of evil, come!
Ye have done your worst; ye have done your best!
Midnight with us! but he is at rest!
And the world, the world is dumb!

WESTFIELD, Sept. 20, 1881.

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TO MRS. GARFIELD.

BY THEODORE WATTS.

[From The London Athenæum.]

UNSULLIED days with toil and struggle rife
Will win at last; yea, God had given him all —
A seat above the conflict, power to call
Peace like a zephyr o'er men's turbid strife;
Home music too, children and heroine wife,
God gave — then gave Death's writing on the wall,
And on the road the assassin: bade him fall
Death-stricken at the shining crest of Life.

And yet our tears are sweet. God bade him taste
Honey and milk and manna raining down;
Clothed him with strength for good whose sweet renown
Touched wind and wave to music as it passed;
Then crowned him thine indeed — giving at last
Heroic suffering, the true hero's crown.

IPSA VIRTUTE MAJOR.

BY D. A. CASSERLY.

[From The New York Evening Mail.]

NOT when, on Chickamauga's stricken field,
The reeling ranks about thee fell or fled,
But thy brave spirit, still unvanquished,
Dared face the foe alone, untaught to yield
And made thy single arm thy country's shield;[1]
Not when the nation named thee for its head,
And up earth's stateliest heights thy footsteps led,
And, lo! a king of men thou stood'st revealed, —
Wast thou so great as on thy bed of pain,
Garfield! so much thy country's love and pride,
But greatest art thou now, when on thy bier
We drop the bitter, yet triumphant tear:
Now thou hast proved indeed that God doth reign,
In His own Kingdom throned by Lincoln's side.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1881.

[1] "His arrival at Thomas' head-quarters was like the reinforcement of a corps." — [Life of James A. Garfield, A. S. Barnes & Co., 1881.]

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AT REST.

BY BARRINGTON LODGE.

[From The Albany Journal.]

DEAR friends! let us stop weeping!
He is at rest and sleeping
In his dear Father's keeping,
  Freed from sorrow, freed from pain!
He now is sweetly resting
Where there is no molesting,
Where there is no more testing
  Of his gentle love again.

He has passed that dread portal
Through which every mortal
Who becomes celestial
  Must first pass to reach the goal.
At the great portal, praying,
He found his dear friends staying,
And angels ever swaying,
  Like a magnet to its pole!

He now hath reached the heaven
Where there is no more leaven
To disturb his rest so even;
  In his new and happy home
Are seraphs to enlighten,
Dear friends his joy to heighten,
And wisdom, too, to brighten,
  What was once a sealed tome.

If we will live as fearless
As he, the pure and peerless,
We, too, may become tearless
  In that blessed home above;
Where we again on meeting,
And after heavenly greeting,
Will never know the fleeting
  Of this earthborn, changing love.

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GARFIELD.

BY W. H. VENABLE.

"He was a man." — *Hamlet.*

So great was Garfield that he stood
Above the royal: — not so great
But that the poorest, lowliest, could
His best example emulate.

His manhood blossomed into fame,
More than *hero* is a MAN;
O youth, that seek'st an honored name,
Pursue the simple course he ran.

A faithful man, he did his best
As school-boy and as President;
The Holy Grail of Right his quest; —
His daily task a sacrament.

Erect his statue in the mart,
Where it may call to every mind
How one who bravely does his part
Shall serve himself and all mankind.

OCT. 9, 1881.

DEAD.

BY REV. W. C. RICHARDS.

[From The Chicago Standard.]

WERE all our prayers, then, vain — since he is dead,
Each new-born hope of ours a painted cheat,
While crape hangs heavily along the street,
And, shrouding every home, a pall is spread?

Since his great soul its shattered house has fled,
And Death has borne away on stealthy feet,
His life the nation prayed for — is it meet
We bear him to the tomb with doubt and dread?

The infidel may mock our prayers and say, —
"Why did your God not answer you and save,
When human skill succumbed to fell despair?"

But taunts like this shall turn no whit away
Our eyes from Heaven to dwell upon the grave:
"*God's will be done*," was faith's large-answered prayer!

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TO THE MEMORY OF OUR FRIEND AND PRESIDENT.

BY FANNIE ISABELLE SHERRICK.

[From The St. Louis Republican.]

A NATION mourns her dead;
The honored dead who wakes no more —
And sorrow like a mantle falls
Upon her stricken head.
The soldier sleeps — and silence reigns
O'er all the shadowed land,
He lies in state — while thousands pass —
A mournful, sorrowing band.

The flickering light is out;
Sweet flowers strew his pathway now,
Though shadows fall on hearts within
And darkness reigns without.
Strong men kneel down and children stand
With hushed and wondering breath;
While hand in hand the states draw near
To mourn his early death.

A mother mourns her dead;
The loving dead, who nevermore,
With loyal heart and kindly hand,
Will stroke her silvered head.
Poor mother-heart, which long ago
Throbbed to his baby kiss;
So empty now — so old and worn —
Ah! what a grief is this!

A wife calls back her dead;
The sacred dead, who from death's sleep
Came back to her, and in her eyes
His last dread sentence read.
Sad heart! that beats to funeral bells
And sound of music low;
Whose children's sobs add pain to pain
And lessen not her woe.

A nation mourns her dead;
From shore to shore the colors fly,
And, waving sadly, droop and lie
Above the soldier's head.

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A cross gleams in the evening sun
As moves his funeral train,
Past heads uncovered — hearts bowed down
Beneath the nation's stain.

A nation mourns her dead;
But o'er his grave her children meet,
And heart to heart are joined again
Where once dissensions led.
O God! if from his martyr-death
Sweet peace should spring again,
Then could we say, with chastened hearts,
He hath not died in vain.

HIS MOTHER.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

[From The Wisconsin.]

God send you cheer, O mourning one!
For God was kind to give to you
This noble son, who held your love
Through all these years so warm and true.

And God was kind, when on your breast
A bonny babe he smiling lay,
To send no shadow of the doom
For which a nation mourns to-day.

Yet who shall comfort grief like this —
Too deep our broken words to heed! —
Not swift the tears to aged eyes,
The poor crushed heart must inward bleed.

"I shall be with him soon!" Dear soul! —
God's comfort is already yours.
The pity is for us who lack
The faith that through such woe endures.

As the strong one who climbs the steep,
Then turns and stoops with proffered hand,
So waits your boy, while downward shines
The radiance of the heavenly land.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

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BY THE TOMB.

BY ALPHONSO A. HOPKINS.

[From The American Rural Home, Rochester.]

SLEEP well, O hero of heroic mould!
We bend beside thy hallowed bier, to-day,
And on it all our costly tribute lay
Of love and loss no tongue has ever told.
And while to thee the mysteries unfold
Which wait beyond us, we can only pray,
To Him who led thee on thy bleeding way,
That some clear light our nation may behold,
And walk therein to higher, nobler planes.
So shall our loss fruit into God's own gains;
So may the darkness that did wrap us round
At last be radiant with a glory found
Above our grief, and out of woe come weal
That on thy tomb shall set the Lord's own seal!

TOLL YE THE SOLEMN BELLS.

BY ELIZABETH YATES RICHMOND.

[From The Inter-Ocean.]

TOLL o'er the stricken land the solemn bells,
Along the hills and palpitating coast.
Furl ye the flags that drape ten thousand masts
Upon the seas, 'mong surging billows tossed.

A prince of ours, of nature's regal line,
Sleeps by the sounding surf, unwaked to-day;
Around him roars the funeral dirge of time,
Old ocean's canticles, unhushed alway.

While nations weep, or dynasties go down,
Or whirlwinds wreck the cities of the past,
Or tempests shiver down earth's mightiest thrones,
Or sands o'er empires drift, tossed by the blast,

Down by the sounding sea, with tears we lay
The great, strong heart, so strained and overtasked,
The wan, worn hands that would have wrought this day
The sturdy toils for which the century asked.

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Sealed is the page the hushed historian keeps,
Silenced the records of great deeds undone;
Bowed are the councillors at the city gates;
Mournful the people, with white lips struck dumb.

O chronicler, who writeth up the years,
Stand on the threshold with thy pen uplift;
His record lieth yonder, where the stars
Of vast eternities, uncounted, drift.

APPLETON, WIS., Sept. 22, 1881.

THE MIDNIGHT MESSAGE.

BY ELLEN H. RUSSELL.

[From The Troy Times.]

IN the soft September midnight, when the city lay asleep,
And the stars their watch were keeping, and a hush was on the deep,
There was no voice of herald, no footstep on the street,
But we heard the midnight message where the night and morning meet.

We were watching, we were praying, and the nation held its breath,
For its hope lay in the balance — was it life, or was it death?
When a horror of great darkness dropped its pall on every mind,
For up the valley came to us the bells upon the wind.

We had heard these bells at midnight, when they rang the New Year's birth,
And a song of joy and gladness floated o'er the list'ning earth;
They had tolled for grief and mourning, they had pealed for thanks and cheer;
But they never tolled so slowly, and they never fell so drear.

When the wild, wild rain is falling, he will never hear its beat;
When the winter winds are wailing he will rest — his sleep is sweet;
When all life's waves and billows shall rend "your hearts and mine,"
His hands are crossed forever in faith's eternal sign.

How we loved him! how we mourn him, Columbia's dearest son!
It never was so hard to say, "O God, Thy will be done."
That great, sweet soul — that noble heart — that manhood in its glory —
Were they ours, and have we lost them? Shall he only live in story?

He is not dead, he is not dead! he lives within each heart,
More lasting than the sculptor's stone, more sweet than poet's art:
The simple grandeur of that life each hour its story tells:
While memory lasts shall hallowed be the message of the bells.

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LINCOLN AND GARFIELD.

BY O. EVERTS.

A NATION mourns. Its flag is, sorrowing, furled.
Nor faith, nor hope, nor love could save from death,
Nor tears, nor prayers prolong the vital breath
Of him, the foremost man of all the world.
Why should such shafts at such a mark be hurled?
Inscrutable thy ways, O Providence!
And high above this plane of grovelling sense,
Where mortals crawl and question God's intent!
And still "God rules" — "The government
Lives on" — as when, in yonder Capital,
Aforetime lay a murdered President!
Lincoln and Garfield! — names forever blent,
The brightest blazoned on Columbia's scroll,
Where "Washington" still glows with lustre permanent!

THE NATION'S SORROW.

BY CARRIE A. SPAULDING.

[From The Springfield Republican.]

HUSH! for the hour is holy in its speeding,
A grief too great for words is over all,
Stricken with sadness, solace all unheeding,
Lo! at the feet of the Unseen we fall!

Bow — for the stroke is heavy in its falling,
Crushed to the earth in all its weight of woe;
What future terror can be more appalling —
What darker fortune can be ours to know?

Mourn — for the star is dim whose glorious beaming
Shed rays of lustre all the nation o'er!
And while upon celestial hills 'tis gleaming,
We walk in darkness on the earthly shore!

Ah, Garfield! nobler than memorial stone
Affection's tribute on thine altar laid!
The memory of thy glorious name alone
Shall brighten when the last "immortelles" fade.
Marbles may crumble, fame's applause depart,
But thy renown is graven on the heart!

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And now, while muffled drum and tolling bell
Have ceased to echo all our spirit's grieving,
Borne tenderly by those who loved thee well,
In the cold grave thy hallowed dust we're leaving.
We render back our treasure to the Giver,
And catch a glimpse of angels o'er the river!

O Father! In this hour of bitter weeping,
When far-off nations, all as mourners stand,
Be thou our leader: in Thy holy keeping
Preserve our fair, our well-belovéd land.
So shall we rise from this all-chastening rod
And victors be, through an all-conquering God.

HAVERHILL, N. H., Sept. 26, 1881.

DEPARTED.

BY JAMES B. KENYON.

[From The New York Home Journal.]

WHITHER no human eye can follow him,
Nor vexing sounds from any earthly shore,
Into a distant country, vast and dim,
He hath departed hence forevermore.

From human honors fleet as human breath
To higher glories his brave soul hath fled,
And, in the wide mysterious realms of death,
He takes his place beside the world's great dead.

Unfinished lies the work he had begun—
To cleanse the land, to heal a mighty wrong—
But still we know, from that which he hath done,
How masterful his spirit was and strong.

Lo! in the presence of death's mystery
Hushed are the mocking voice and bitter sneer,
While now, through rifted clouds, at last we see
How calm his loyal manhood shone and clear.

So as a people that is without hope
We cannot mourn; for, like a beacon light,
Illuming the dense gloom in which we grope,
His lofty faith shines out across the night.

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And though the master sleep the final sleep,
  And sounds of menace swell upon the breeze,
Some careful hand along the troubled deep
  Shall guide the Ship of State through perilous seas.

GARFIELD'S GRAVE.

BY W. E. M.

Beside a new-made grave the nation stands,
  The North and South commingling mutual tears;
Across the mound they clasp fraternal hands,
  And bury there the hate of all the years.

And if from out the sadly cherished dust
  There spring the flowers of confidence and love,
Of sympathy and undivided trust,
  Will grander monument be raised above?

Or if the sculptured marble rears its head,
  Telling the noble deeds that he has done,
What truer words to write above the dead,
  "He died and, dying, made his people one"?

MARIETTA, GA.

ACROSTIC.

BY EDWARD F. HOVEY.

[From The Alta California.]

Joy turns to grief. A statesman wise, —
A noble chieftain, — bravely dies.
Millions bowed down now mourn and weep,
Expressing love and sorrow deep.
Sovereigns and subjects, high and low,
Attesting grief, kind words bestow.
Greatest of earthly honors here;
And now a well-won crown up there!
Remembered ever be his name;
Forever known his worth and fame.
In loyal hearts from sea to sea,
Enshrined his image e'er will be, —
Living still, though gone before, —
Dead, yet living evermore.

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OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

[From The Indianapolis Journal.]

HIGH in the heavens Jehovah hath his throne,
Thick clouds and darkness are his secret place,
But tender was the voice that called his own,
"Come to my presence and behold my face."
Yet we are mourning, all uncomforted—
A mighty people, pouring our lament
On the wild autumn winds, for he is dead,
Our chosen chief, our Christian President.
Oh! our good soldier, brave, and true, and tried,
Thy country's sons, all comrades by thy side,
Felt every pain that thou wert called to feel.
Son, husband, father, though we think of thee
At rest, and crowned with immortality,
Thy God and ours alone our woe can heal.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY W. E. PABOR.

[From The Denver Republican.]

WE knelt before the ark of prayer,
A nation wrapped in robes of grief;
We cried, Oh, spare our chosen chief!
The life of one we honor, spare!

In aureole of purest light
We saw the angel of the Lord
Beside the ark, with flaming sword,
That sent its shimmer through the night.

The sword was drawn in lifted hand,
As with one tongue a nation spoke: —
O angel, spare the fatal stroke,
And leave him to a loyal land.

His heart is whiter than the snow;
His soul is stainless; touch him not,
Till in the fulness of man's lot
The time shall come for him to go.

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Alas! the angel would not heed!
With streaming eyes we saw the sword
Obey the mandate of the Lord;
No tears nor prayers could intercede

To stay the stroke. A nation waits
In robes of sackcloth at a shrine
Where love, though human, seems divine,
While sorrow opens wide her gate.

Dead chieftain! on thy bier we lay
Our last sad tribute, wet with tears,
A token for all coming years
Of what is in our hearts to-day.

As generations come and go,
Thy name, grown greater with the years,
Will shine as suns shine in their spheres,
With whiteness whiter than the snow.

ARGYLE PARK, DENVER, COL., Sept. 26, 1881.

GARFIELD.

BY J. E. FOX.

[From The Chicago Times.]

A SORROWING world beheld the awful strife
At Elberon, in fear, with bated breaths.
The wrestling agony of death and life
Is o'er. Alas! the victory is death's.

'Twas fitting he should die where ocean's surge
Might bear his requiem to all lands and skies,
And men and angels hear the swelling dirge
Of the "great deep," mid heavenly symphonies.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."
Murder hath done its worst. With mournful tone
And saddest cadence, the long-dreaded knell
Proclaims the death of a proud nation's own.

The patient sufferer gains a restful sleep
At last, and peaceful, in the quiet grave.
Yet a great people doth not cease to weep
For one its prayers did not avail to save.

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Humanity's true heart in anguish throbs
Near to the portals of our Garfield's tomb,
And strong men's tears and women's choking sobs
Tell of the nation's grief and utter gloom.

Yet Garfield lives! For his immortal name
Will shine forever from historic page;
Ay, light the future with undying flame,
And shed its lustre on remotest age.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

TOLL THE DEATH BELL.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

TOLL the death bell to greet the people's ears
With solemn sounds of unaffected woe;
Can nature's raindrops match a nation's tears
That from the eyes of sorrowing millions flow?
Furl your bright flags,
And let the muffled drum
Tell all the suffering land
His hour of rest has come.

Death strikes the ruler of a mighty state,
Marks the proud head that wore the people's crown,
Prostrates among his peers the good and great,
Seizes the chief, regardless of renown.
Close your grand marts,
And drape your august domes,
King Death is here
And strikes ten million homes.

Sorrow is brooding o'er the stricken land,
Grief darkens every home, dims every eye;
From shore to shore, from centre to each strand,
We hear the wail, and note the rising sigh;
The sounding minute gun,
War's requiem o'er his bier,
Speaks his last battle won,
His last sad bivouac here.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20, 1881.

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THE COUNTRY'S PRAYER.

BY MINNIE B. NOYES.

[From The Springfield Republican.]

Music — "Dead March in Saul."

FATHER, who heedest the humblest sparrow's fall,
Hear now, we pray, our nation, sore bereft
By tribulation's darkest night, we call —
Blindly, thy face seek we with grief distressed.
Grant us thy peace and teach us now to say,
"Thy way, O Lord, not ours, we know is best."

All sounds are hushed, save lamentation low,
The busy world throws off its daily care,
And suppliant all before thy throne we bow,
And pray for strength this heavy cross to bear.
He liveth still; while we below must wait,
A martyr's crown shall he forever wear.

Cease, then, all tears — we look above and pray —
"Be ours his faith, in life or death sustained,
O God, be near, our faltering steps to stay!"
The changing years his mem'ry shall retain,
And to Columbia's sons shall every day
Be proof indeed, he lived nor died in vain.

BERNARDSTON, Sept. 23, 1881.

A TRIBUTE.

BY SARAH J. BURKE.

[From The New York Tribune.]

OH! what avail the groans that burst
From lips of strong men bowed?
And what avail the tears that gush,
As women weep aloud?

And what avails that homes are draped
In weeds of deepest woe,
As though beneath each roof-tree dear
The dead were lying low?

Ah, only this! — a nation finds
A comfort, sad and sweet,
Breaking the alabaster box
Of perfume on his feet!

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"THE GOOD DIE NOT."

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

THE good die not: this heritage they leave —
The record of a life in virtue spent;
For our own loss at parting, though we grieve;
Lives such as theirs build their own monument.

HIS FIRST SABBATH IN HEAVEN.

BY S. L. LITTLE.

[From The Providence Sunday Star.]

How calm is the glow of this first Sabbath morn,
Since with hearts stricken down in their grief,
In his palm-covered coffin we laid him away —
Our martyred illustrious chief!

What a change since his last suffering Sabbath on earth,
Those groans for that rapturous song
Which only the ransomed of Jesus can know —
The blood-washed, the glorified throng!

The victor in Christ over death has prevailed!
And, oh, how divine his reward!
Without one faint shadow he seeth unveiled
The glorious face of the Lord.

Oh, vision of visions! the sight of that face
Would for ages of misery atone!
The lovely Redeemer of Adam's lost race —
The conqueror of Death on His throne!

Were the gates left ajar as he passed to his rest?
Were some wandering rays downward borne?
Such a heavenly radiance seems to invest
The skies on his first Sabbath morn.

But, chastened and sorrowing nation, oh, learn
The lesson our Father would give,
From the ways that have grieved his good Spirit return,
Repent, seek His mercy and live.

Then for the bright light now removed from our skies,
That has left us in darkness to mourn,
New stars for our hope and our guidance shall rise,
Till breaks the millennial morn.

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 1, 1881.

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ON THE DEATH OF GARFIELD.

BY MARTIN MACMASTER.

[From The Atlanta Constitution.]

Ah! Garfield, our president, has left us at last;
His sufferings are over, his sorrows are past;
He has left us, and gone on a little before,
To greet us, to meet us, on yon beautiful shore.

He was ready, and waiting, to answer that call,
Which, sooner or later, must come to us all, —
Willing to stay, yet ready to go,
Calmly he waited God's will for to know.

For long, dreary weeks on his bed has he lain,
Weary and worn with anguish and pain;
But meekly and calmly resigned to his lot,
Like his Master, he bore it and murmured not.

Though you once wore the blue, and I wore the gray,
O Garfield, we mourn thee, we miss thee to-day;
For a true, noble soul from this world has sped,
And a brother beloved lies cold and dead.

Like a hero he lived, like a martyr he died;
In affliction's sore furnace full well was he tried.
It is right, it is well, it is all for the best,
For the Master has taken His servant to rest.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 21, 1881.

THE MARTYR'S CROWN.

BY L. D. COLE.

[From The Boston Traveller.]

'Tis well that sackcloth drapes our streets, and elegies are said,
And solemn hours are set apart to mourn the mighty dead.
But while I share a common grief, born not of common sin,
I thank my God, who governs fate, that such a man has been.
To rise from out the lowest depths that poverty can give,
To prove that not by things without do men most nobly live;
With sword unsheathed in Freedom's cause to cut oppression's cord;
Still listening, midst the swirl of men, to hear "Thus saith the Lord;"
To rise to more than kingly power, with more than kingly grace,
And, like the sun on Gibeon, still keep the zenith place;
With hands clasped o'er his couch of pain, to bridge deep hate's abyss,—
Might not a martyr shed his blood for such a crown as this?

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GARFIELD.

BY T. W. PARSONS, JR.

We called him great; for in every part
He seemed colossal; in his part and speech,
In his large brain, and in his larger heart.

And when upon the roll his name we saw,
Of those who govern, then we felt secure;
Because we knew his reverence for the law.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY MRS. M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

[From The Boston Traveller.]

Not ours to ask the sad and gloomy question,
Why evil flourishes, and good is crushed;
Buddha is silent, Jupiter is voiceless,
Our oracle is hushed.

That all religions have the same intentions;
That temples, shrines, the same fair offerings show;
That all men kneel, in hours of heavy sorrow,
Is all we know.

Obedient to the sacrificial spirit,
Round the white oxen's throat we draw the knife;
Would offer up our sheaves, our flowers, our firstlings,
For that one life!

O shot! that struck through every heart, rebounding,
O grief! that rends each household in the land,
O Death! that winds in gloomy chain of sadness
A weeping band —

Was this thy message? this the nation's chrism?
Wrote the Recording Angel on his roll
That we must offer, as our expiation,
That great white soul?

Not lost, these weary days we wept and waited,
Not all in vain this sorrow, if our loss
Reminds us that the type of our religion
Is but a Cross.

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FUNERAL SONG.

BY MISS ARABELLA ROOT.

[From The Inter-Ocean.]

SLOWLY and sadly bear to the tomb
Him whom we loved so well,
Pride of the nation veiled now in gloom
By the dread fun'ral knell.
Silently, tearfully, keep sacred tread,
Bearing to rest the brave hero, now dead;
Tenderly, lovingly weep o'er the bier
Holding the form of our President dear.

Grand, noble chieftain, great and good man,
Fond, tender husband, too;
Kind, loving father, righteous his plan,
Loyal to all good and true.
Peacefully sleeping his long, last sleep,
Nation and family sorrow and weep;
Free now from suff'ring, and resting from care,
May we all meet him in heaven "over there."

THE EAST TO THE WEST.

BY BEN VAIL, JR.

[From The Washington Republican.]

OPEN thy arms, O West! Receive thy son!
His heart so long has yearned for thy embrace!
He comes to sanctify the soil whereon
He erstwhile walked and looked into thy face.

Thy grief is ours — with thine our tears shall blend;
We feel the blow and bow beneath the stroke;
The stricken ones who weep beside their dead
Are ours and yours to cherish and defend.

Perish the name of him whose cruel rage
Has clothed the nation in her weeds to-day,
And marred our second century's spotless page
With stains his blood can never wash away.

Open thy gates, O West! Receive thy son!
Death's proudest trophy now to thee we send,
With trembling lips we say, His will be done
Whose watch-care compasseth the end.

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JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

[From The Pilgrim Press.]

God gave him lavishly of His best gifts:
A rev'rent heart, on which his dear ones leaned;
A scholar's brain, which had large learning gleaned;
And living speech, which gleamed with golden rifts.
For what new scenes, his life the curtain shifts,
He, rarely furnished, for the part appears:
A hero, statesman, in our sorest years,
From right he never falters, swerves, or drifts.
For three glad months he bears our chiefest name:
Two more, foul stroke! we see him facing death,
Tender, serene, and brave, his parting breath:
Henceforth, the nation keeps enshrined his fame.
Mid drooping flags, and grief's sad symbol's all,
She solemn treads; she bears his funeral pall.

IN MEMORIAM — J. A. G.

BY E. P. PARKER.

[From The Hartford Courant.]

In peace, at last! amid the hush of strife
Our ruler sleeps, secure from plaint or blame:
The tragedy and triumph of his life
Blend in the splendor of unfading fame.

Our prayers and tears, poured out like summer rain,
Stayed not the Hand that works by pain and loss;
His will be done, whose love ordains again
The bitter Cup, the Garden, and the Cross.

Great heart; brave soul; capacious, cultured mind;
Most gallant foe; most gentle, generous friend;
Scholar and soldier; statesman, of the kind
Who purity with self-devotion blend! —

The true unswerving aim, the purpose high,
The faithful, patient service, — wear their crown:
No sacrifice that loyalty could try
But shines, transfigured, in his bright renown.

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Not less the nation's than the household loss;
Nor less the public than the private woe;
His country's children share his children's cross —
Their tears of love and grief together flow.

Life's work well done, life's battle bravely fought,
And life itself poured out in duty's ways;
Hallowed by death what lips and life had taught,
And name and memory wreathed with deathless praise; —

Thy glory, like some newly-dawning sun,
Resplendent breaks throughout our dark cloud of fate!
Immortal honor thou hast dearly won!
Nor richer thou than we, in thine estate.

Oh, good and faithful servant! fare thee well!
"Well done!" innumerable voices cry;
And happier throngs our salutations swell
With "Welcome!" "Welcome!" from an answering sky.

1865 — LINCOLN — GARFIELD — 1881.

BY J. W. ROSS.

Link we their names together — two
Whose worth our tongues but feebly tell.
Just, fearless, faithful, always true
To Him whose will they sought to do.
Martyred — and crowned! 'Tis sad — 'Tis well!
Noble were both, and brave.
Speak it by Garfield's grave.

Ay, link these names together, when
In future years your children ask,
"Who were our country's greatest men?"
Speak to them of her martyrs then.
Greater to name would prove a task.
Great-hearted both, and brave.
Speak it beside this grave.

Well-rounded lives were they, and grand
In their completeness. God knew best
How to dispose their days. Our land,
Discerning now His righteous hand,
Bows to the dust with heaving breast,
And yields "to Him who gave" —
Meekly — at Garfield's grave.

SEPT. 26, 1881.

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HIS EXAMPLE.

BY ADDISON F. BROWNE.

[From The Boston Traveller.]

THE solemn funeral words have all been said
And mournful bells have rang their final peal,
But yet our nation's heart must deeply feel
Abiding sorrow for her chieftain dead.
Days, weeks, and years will come and glide away,
While tender recollection burns with ray
That keeps in view how well this leader led.

And while his mighty trials make us see
Beyond our former scope of joy and pain,
The pure examples from his life contain
A stately lesson that will ever be
In sacred fervor taught and understood,
And prove anew graves do not hold the good,
For Garfield was the soul of manhood free!

ASSASSINATED!

BY FLORENCE I. DUNCAN.

[From The Philadelphia Press.]

HE dies! and by arm so ignoble!
O Fate! thy ways are mystery,
Thy problems so insoluble,
We are but dumb in view of thee.

Dumb! We may not articulate
In choicest word, in formal phrase,
The wond'ring grief we ne'er may state
In lamentation's lyric lays.

And so this strange, hard, woful cry,
That rends its rightful way to air,
May well precede the gentle sigh
That Time may bring to trust and prayer.

Time! Take you now our grief in charge.
To thee we trust the sad solution.
Time may our sight and faith enlarge.
Time only brings grief's diminution.

O Fate! O Time! We who are mortal,
Between these upper stones and nether,
Can only hope the promised portal
Where we shall leave ye twain together.

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"SLEEP ON, O COMRADE OF THE SWORD!"

BY COL. W. A. TAYLOR.

ILLUSTRIOUS dead! O glorious light
That wraps the soldier statesman's dust!
O broken sceptre, keen but just,
That cleft the day out of the night!

Thou art no pillar fallen prone,
No wreck upon time's wreck-strewn shore,
Thy name shall grow from more to more,
For all thy work was nobly done.

This was thy greatest: when you fell
Before the greedy spoilsman's rage,
You solved the problem of the age,
And after history will tell

How the republic rose and spoiled
The spoilsman in his mad career,
And wrought within this sacred year
All that for which the nation toiled.

O noble offering on the shrine
Of purer things and loftier days!
Up from the darkness of the ways
Shall come effulgent light divine, —

Shall come the alembic that will burn
The greed for power, the lust for spoil,
Crowning the worthy sons of toil,
And shed its brightness on thy urn.

Here grief hath not one dark regret,
Sorrow no bitterness of woe,
And on thy turf the tears that flow
Are gems in love's own beauty set.

Strong heart that quailed not at the cry
Of harpies in their quest for blood;
Brave lion, falling where you stood,
Thy great achievements cannot die.

O baptism red! O sacrifice
Of greatness for the righteous cause!
Truth, justice, better, purer laws —
Thy glorious monument shall rise.

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In thy dead face we faintly see
God's purpose of the after years,
And, watered by the nation's tears,
The harvest of the Yet-to-be.

O comrade! tried on fields of fire,
And true amid the battle's shock,
Thy purpose, firmer than a rock,
Shall grow the nation's one desire.

Till thy dead face shall rise and glow,
Like Arcturus in yon blue sky,
A quenchless beacon shining high,
To point to us the path to go.

For her — God help her in her need —
Who buckled on thy battle gear,
And sent thee forth with smile and tear —
For her each soldier's heart will bleed.

For her — God help her while she weeps —
Who crowned thee with life's proudest rays,
When peace came with the shining days —
Each soldier's heart a vigil keeps.

Sleep on, O comrade of the sword!
O civic hero, nobly crowned!
Sleep till the last reveille sound,
While fame and history stand guard.

THE DEATH OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY E. P.

[From The Denver Republican.]

ANOTHER mournful cavalcade —
With solemn mien, and measured tread,
With muffled drums, and badge displayed,
In memory of the illustrious dead;
While from city, town, and plain
The cannon's peal resounds again.

One of Columbia's noblest sons —
He who stood foremost in the field
To save his country from the wrongs
Of the usurper, bade him yield,
Ne'er to invade our hallowed soil,
Our wealth and treasures to despoil.

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A hero gone, with honors crowned;
Peace to his ashes — let him rest;
A nation mourns; one so renowned
Has gone to mansions of the blest.
A statesman, warrior, patriot fled
To mingle with his kindred dead.

His name will live, will treasured be —
Shall we e'er see his like again? —
Who swayed his sword for liberty,
Our rights and freedom to maintain; —
On history's page emblazoned be,
For unborn millions yet to see.

DENVER, COL., Oct. 1, 1881.

TEARS FOR THE UNREQUITED DEAD.

BY CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

[From The New York Evening Telegram.]

TEARS for the unrequited dead;
Tears for the hapless, whom the sun
Of fortune never shone upon;
Tears for the weary feet that bled
Unseen along life's thorniest ways;
For him whose labor earned no praise;
For him who garnered fruitless years;
Whose lowly love to man was given,
And gained no smile from man or heaven; —
For these be tears.

But he whose loftier destiny
Marked him among the throng of men
For fortune's highest honors, then,
Ere time had tarnished them, to die
And leave to history a name
Unspotted, and a martyr's fame;
Who in the vigor of his years
Climbed rugged Glory's final steep,
There made his bed, and fell asleep; —
He needs no tears.

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OUR PRAYER.

BY ANDREW J. KENNEDY.

[From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Ay! half-mast our starry banner;
Let not its folds float out on high,
For our hearts are deep in sorrow —
In death doth our chieftain lie.

The dismal hour is upon us,
The stricken nation's tears are shed,
And the hope, that late lived in us,
With our President is dead.

God's ways are all past our knowing,
But still in His goodness we trust,
And confide to Him the keeping
Of our martyred chieftain's dust.

Jehovah! give strength and comfort
To all the patriots in our land,
And defend our future chieftains
From the assassin's bloody hand.

GARFIELD.

BY E. C. POMEROY.

[From The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.]

A stricken nation mourns to-day
Its grandly-fallen chief;
The old, the young, the grave and gay
Are bowed alike in grief;
A solemn hush is in the air,
And on the sober earth,
As if all things were joined in prayer —
And lost were joy and mirth.

The strange decorum of the street —
The sound of hoof and wheel —
Where earnest men in business meet
To chaffer of their deal,
Have all the same sad tale to tell
Of sorrow's overflow —
Of how the martyred hero fell —
Of how we feel the blow.

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Oh, now we know how weak we are;
God help us in this hour!
As tender blade and flaming star
Reveal Thy love and power;
Give us to see, in that pure light
Thou sheddest from above,
How this dread lesson of Thy might
A lesson is of love.

And not in vain will death have cast
Its shadow o'er the land,
If future years redeem the past
And we united stand, —
In firm alliance each with each
To keep the sacred trust
Our fathers left, by deed and speech,
Above their hallowed dust.

'Tis well ye gather 'round his bier
With mourning speech and song, —
Not soon again ye'll find his peer
In any earthly throng;
And grander faith no man hath shown —
If we but prove it just —
Than this he spake with dying groan:
"*The people are my trust.*"

Write out these words on plates of gold,
And stamp them on each heart;
For in their sense they plainly hold
The sum of freedom's chart.
The craft of kings may prop their fall
When sceptred crowns grow dim,
But freedom shall outlive them all
If we are true to him.

Oh, could we read the lengthening scroll
Of earth's immortal men,
In that high court of last control
Where angel scribes make up the roll
With God's unerring pen, —
We there should see, in one bright place,
The true Shekinah flame,
And in its midst the blazoned trace
Of GARFIELD'S brighter name.

BUFFALO, Sept. 26, 1881.

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THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

BY CHARLOTTE L. SEAVER.

[From The Buffalo Express.]

SEPTEMBER 20, 1881.

THE lights are out! The guests are gone!
And just one little hour ago
The room was filled with sounds of mirth,
Till solemnly and clear and slow
The bell within the City Hall
Sent forth a sudden cry of pain,
And then a silence fell o'er all,
As, slowly, once and once again,
There came the measured Toll! Toll! Toll!
Till twenty times the still night air
Had throbbed and quivered 'neath the sound,
Like some great heart in wild despair.
Dead! Dead! Dead! The sound died out,
And lips grew still and cheeks grew pale,
As one by one from ivied tower
And steeple, like a long, sad wail,
Broke forth the bells all through the land;
And strong men sobbed and bowed their head,
And trembling voices murmured low:
"God help us now — our ruler's dead!"

SEPTEMBER 26TH.

The day is almost ended now,
And far away from here I know
They've laid our President to rest,
And sorrowful and sad and slow
They'll turn away and leave him there.
How sweet will be his sleep to-night!
No pain! no weariness! no care!
No tears! no sun or moon for light,
Because the Lamb of God is there.
So strong, so brave 'mid fiercest pains!
What must it be to rest to-night
And know his work is done. God reigns!
The God he loved and served so well!
To know, as surely he must know,
That from his death will surely spring
The seeds his life was shed to sow —

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The seeds of purity and truth!
Of Government without one stain!
Of honor! Oh, God grant that at
The harvest time no blot remain!

J. A. G.

BY H. S. M.

[From The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

O WAVE of human might and thought and art,
Crested anon with war or simple peace;
Along the shore of aged centuries
Thy power hath cast no kinglier head and heart.
His was the strength thou broughtest from the heights,
Anointed with the warrior-blood of old;
That toward the sun in sturdy billows rolled
A race of noble muscle-armored knights.

O thou incarnate spirit of the West,
Who drank the mountain cup of hardihood,
And learnt the lordly forest eloquence,
And fed thy soul at Freedom's scarred breast;
Behold! divinely human attitude!
Thy death become the trump of Providence!

THE LEADER'S PLACE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

[From The Chicago Tribune.]

PELL-MELL they rushed in one mad race,
All eager for the Leader's place.

With muttered curse and threatening frown
They elbowed one another down.

The sceptred hand — the robes of state —
They hurried on, the prize was great.

When lo! a hush came o'er the crowd!
The boldest of them paused, and, cowed,

Looked in each other's eyes with tears
That washed out bitter hate of years.

The Leader's place they said, with fear,
Was but a waiting shroud and bier.

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THE FUNERAL DAY.

[From The Buffalo Express.]

PEACE! Let the sad procession go
While cannon boom and bells toll slow,
And go thou, sacred car,
Bearing our woe afar!

Go, darkly borne from State to State
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait
To honor all they can
The dust of this good man.

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
The greatest kings must die to gain.
The just, the wise, the brave
Attend thee to the grave.

And there his countrymen shall come
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year.

GARFIELD.

BY B. B.

[From The Cincinnati Commercial.]

"An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was, by a mousing owl, hawked at and killed."

REST now, afflicted one,
Thy task of anguish done,
Nobly thou hast endured.

So short thy high career,
Without reproach or fear,
Thy fame serene, secured,

Will live a thousand years;
And read with sighs and tears,
Thy patriotic story.

Weep, Columbia, weep,
Yet, in thy sorrow deep,
Think of Garfield's glory.

NEWPORT, KY.

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MONDAY, SEPT. 19, 11.41 P.M.

BY LINN BOYD PORTER.

[From The Cambridge Chronicle.]

Out on the midnight rang a bell,
Like a terrible, awful wail of woe!
One stroke! On the still night air it fell;
We listened, afraid, for the second blow —
Ah! It struck again — like a knell!

No need to tell us our chief is dead!
The mighty heart has ceased to beat;
The noble soul to its God has sped.
Our grief through tears is rushing fleet,
As through deep waters glides the lead.

Before and after the midnight hour
Nineteen minutes the bells are tolled;
One for each State of sovereign power,
And each for him, who, lying cold,
Was of them all the strength and tower.

In every house a body lies;
On every heart is a weight of grief;
We can only look at the autumn skies
(If haply Heaven may send relief),
With hot tears gushing from our eyes.

How we all loved this prince of men!
And as we gather round his pall
Will come the gentle whisper then,
"We shall not, take him all in all,
E'er look upon his like again!"

THE DEAD.

BY CAPT. SAM WHITING.

Half-mast the starry flag's to-day;
Ye bells sound forth a funeral peal, —
A patriot's soul has passed away
To God — to wife, to country leal.

Struck down by an assassin's hand;
For three long months confronting Death,
The conqueror asserts his claim,
And stops at last the feeble breath.

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His labors full success had won,
And he had reached a station grand;
As statesman, soldier, patriot, none
Excelled him in our glorious land.

Oh, orphaned children! weeping wife!
A nation's tears of sorrow fall,
And fervent prayers to Heaven are rife
For him, now gone beyond recall!

A monument we'll raise to him
When this fresh burst of grief is o'er;
For time his memory ne'er shall dim,
But make it dearer than before.

THE SAD MINUTE-GUN.

BY JOHN BANVARD.

[From The New York Mail.]

Ah, why do we hear that sad detonation,
That strikes on the ear with a sorrowful sound,
And makes the heart beat with quick palpitation,
As the echoes are borne o'er the waters around?
It makes the hot tears down our pallid cheeks run,
While clouds of deep anguish gloom over the day,
And the sound that we hear is the sad minute-gun,
While our loved one is borne in sorrow away.

Like chill winter winds which sweep o'er the ocean,
And wreck the brave bark in the tempestuous gale,
It swells every heart with inward commotion
As it sounds through the land a sorrowful wail.
But it tells of a race most gloriously run,
As his soul is borne up to perpetual day,
And this is announced by that sad minute-gun,
As to the dark tomb they bear Garfield away.

Sad is the hour in death's contemplation,
As draped in deep mourning each mansion is still,
Chilled is the soul at that sad detonation
Resounding aloud o'er valley and hill;
'Tis the wail of the nation for its brave stricken son,
In the grave to be lain from the light of the day;
And a pang to the heart is that sad minute-gun,
As to the dark tomb they bear Garfield away.

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AT HIS GRAVE, BROTHERS.

BY GEORGE G. SMITH.

[From The Springfield Republican.]

A Word from a Crippled Confederate Soldier.

As with uncovered head and flowing eyes
By the dear form of this dead man we stand,
We hear the still lips speak in accents loud,
"Take each his brother's hand."

We hear the voice, and hearing bend us down
In deep contrition that our bitter hate
Has brought us so much dole, and weep we now
That God's love rules us all, alas! so late.

But come we now from Southland, weeping, come,
And bring our cypress from amidst our flowers,
And come we from the North with sprig from you
Which on our mountain heights so proudly towers.

We lay all down upon this casket here,
And lay with all the hate of bitter years,
Then cry for pardon to the God of love,
And clasp hands warmly as we mix our tears.

O good, great ruler! ruling still, though gone,
Thy death shall give a life to lasting love.
Now is no North, no South, no East, no West,
But brothers all in peace we onward move.

AT ELBERON.

[From The Hartford Times.]

THEY took the sufferer to the shore,
Where he had long'd to be,
And placed him where he might once more
Look out upon the sea.

The ocean-voices on the beach
Mixed with the sea-bird's cry:
Far as his failing eye could reach
Rose the blue sea and sky.

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He looked in silence, long and deep;
Silent he turned away.
He slept; and from his fevered sleep
Woke to another day.

He saw no more the billows dance,
Nor heard the sea-bird's call;
His eager eyes and yearning glance
Saw but the chamber wall.

When night descended, still and deep,
With star-lit ocean airs,
He saw beyond the sea-bird's sweep,
A wider sea than theirs!

THE PRESIDENT AT REST.

BY REV. CHARLES H. ROWE.

[From The Cambridge Tribune.]

THE grave is rest; it keeps the precious dust
Of those to whom all care and work is past,
Who wait the resurrection of the just.

In quiet resting places they shall lie,
Within the shadow of the rock so high,
Until the storm of vengeance be passed by.

The grave is peace; no clash of angry foes
Disturb the dead; no sorrows, sins, or woes,
Who sleep in long and undisturbed repose.

In habitation peaceful now they dwell,
And they who come and go, who buy and sell,
Disturb not those who stay and rest so well.

The grave is hope; for here the Lord has been,
And from the dust of earth will come again,
His chosen ones redeemed from earth and sin.

Safe dwelling-place where none shall sigh or weep,
Who rest in Thee in perfect peace they keep;
For so "He giveth His beloved sleep."

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"THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD."

BY H. N. CLEMENT.

"THE President is dead;"
'Twas thus the message read
On that eventful night
When Garfield's soul took flight.
Garfield, whose pure, bright name
So graced the scroll of fame.
Garfield, whose noble worth
Made high his humble birth.
Garfield, the child of fate,
Our chosen Chief of State,
So true, and good, and great—
Victim of insane hate.
Garfield, whose stalwart form
Withstood the battle's storm
At Shiloh on that day,
With Buell far away;
And then on Corinth's plain,
Where bullets fell like rain;
And Chickamauga's field,
Where neither foe would yield.
Garfield, whose strength and might
Were always for the right.
Garfield, our Nation's pride,
WHY SHOULD HE THUS HAVE DIED?

And yet that message dread:
"The President is dead,"
Came flying through the night
Like some dark, troubled sprite—
Some evil bird of night,
That fills our souls with fright.
Alas, too well we knew
The sombre tidings true,
For, on that very day,
The faithful watchers say,
When standing near the sick
They heard the death-watch tick,
And saw the spectral dead
Appear beside his bed.
'Twas then before his face—
His wan and pallid face—
He held that fatal glass,
Sure harbinger, alas,
That death had even now
Reached forth and touched his brow.
'Tis thus the spectres place
Death's seal upon the face.
Those spectres it is said,
Were soldiers, long since dead—
Soldiers who fought and died,
In battle side by side:
And with them mingled those
Who fought and died as foes,—
And now this phantom band
Were comrades hand in hand.
Foemen they were no more;
Their days of battle o'er.
Thus came the mystic throng,
With solemn chant and song,
With martial mien and tread,
And gathered 'round his bed,—
'Round Garfield's weary bed.
"Whence came these spirit braves?"
FROM CHICKAMAUGA'S GRAVES!
"Why came they there that day?"
TO BEAR HIS SOUL AWAY!
For, eighteen years ago,
When foeman fought with foe,
These phantom soldiers fell
'Mid fire and shot and shell;
And breathed their lives away
UPON THAT SELF-SAME DAY.

And when from out the night—
That dark, ill-omened night—
They bore his soul away
From its poor house of clay,
A comet flamed in sight
With dull and sickly light.
That strange, unlucky star—
That wanderer from afar—
Seemed, as it crossed the sky,
Like some ill prophecy.

And so the mighty soul
Of Garfield found its goal;
While nature's realms on high
Gave mystic sympathy.
And thus it ever is
With master-souls like his,
Who gain, with fleeting breath,
The crown—A MARTYR'S DEATH.

"The President is dead!"
And with uncovered head
The nation bows in grief
Beside its fallen chief.
In silence drops a tear
Upon his mournful bier,
And passes slowly by
In speechless sympathy.

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HYMN.

BY REV. W. G. HASKELL.

[From The Lewiston Journal.]

We drape our walls! With saddened hearts
We go about our daily cares!
Naught have availed the skilful arts!
Naught have availed our earnest prayers!

We mourn the honest one and true;
We mourn the man of good intent;
We mourn him unto whom was due
Our noblest love — OUR PRESIDENT!

We mourn, O God, our GARFIELD dead!
His heart is still! His tongue is dumb!
Upon our stricken nation shed
The light which shines beyond the tomb!

Thou reignest still! The Government
Still lives, to honor Man and Thee!
Long may it live, as thou hast meant,
Land of the brave; home of the free.

HE SLEEPS.

BY MRS. NELLIE FREW MILLER.

[From The Pittsburgh Gazette.]

He sleeps, but not with the slumber that breaketh
The night in its gloom, and its darkness hath flown;
The morn in the light of its beauty awaketh,
But in silence and darkness he still slumbers on.

In manhood's bright bloom he has withered,
And grief his proud spirit had clouded with gloom;
And the laurels in life he so lately gathered
Have withered and faded when freshest their bloom.

But still shall his memory fondly be nourished;
In the hearts of our Nation shall his virtues be cherished;
And though in the prime of his life he has perished,
Their remembrance shall be as a grateful perfume.

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It is sad to see genius and nobleness dying
'Ere the freshness of spirit hath wasted away,
While the earth seemed around like a paradise lying,
And the hope of the bosom too bright for decay.

And thus he was slain when his hopes were the fairest,
While life only seemed like a beautiful dream,
Surrounded with all that was richest and rarest,
Whatever most bright to the senses may seem.

And thus he has gone in autumn's bright morning,
When nature in beauty and glory depart,
And the proudest of nations is bowed down in sorrow,
And hopes have all withered and deserted the heart.

He is dead! and the cold earth is resting above him;
He hears not the grief of a people that love him;
The tears of affection no longer can move him,
Or awake him again to the day's joyous beam.

ALLEGHANY CITY, PENN., Sept. 30, 1881.

GARFIELD.

BY C. B. BOTSFORD.

THE patriot sleeps in sacred long repose,
And by his valiant death subdues his foes,
Though from prayer's altar incense hourly rose.
Ah! who shall say that God has mocked our prayer
Because that precious life he failed to spare?
What mortal shall aver prolonged life would
Have proved to all mankind the greater good?
The world in sympathy and grief is one!
Behold the instrument! God's will be done.
Lives Garfield still! — in living hearts enshrined,
Admired and loved, a pattern for mankind.
Unostentatious, simple, brave, and true,
With faith in God to suffer and to do,
Heroically he fought life's battle through.
His name is starred, with martyrs now enrolled,
A radiant gem, with setting pure of gold—
To shine more bright as history shall unfold!
Eternal, peaceful life he's won: and now,
With those at one with God, who loyal bow,
Immortal glories wreath the victor's brow.

BRADFORD, VT., Sept. 24, 1881.

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AT REST BY THE SEA.

BY EDWIN DWIGHT.

[From The Springfield Republican.]

In this sweet autumn time
Of the murmurous eyes,
And a glad harvest urging
Its sheaves, —

And the trees growing gay
With a leaf here and there,
And the world all at rest
And so fair, —

Can it be he is dead?
Do we hear the bells right?
Sad, subdued, like a cry
In the night?

Were our grief-burdened prayers
Every zephyr that fraught,
And our tear-misted eyes,
All for naught,

Though the heart of the nation,
So proud of its prize,
Had tenderly bid him
Arise?

Yea, our beacon, that flickered
So bravely to be,
Has failed and gone out
By the sea.

And the air has grown darker, —
We grope for a light, —
And the earth's wet with tears
Of this night.

Yea, 'tis true. He, so fit
To have led us, — oh, why
Is he dead? — yet none fitter
To die!

Life that presaged so much,
To be stilled in its prime;
Can we find such again
In all time?

Old Ocean! thy waters
Since first they tossed free,
Knew never a nobler
Than he.

He breathed thy salt breath, —
All was hope by the sea, —
And he harked to thy surf
Yearningly,

For again strength to battle
The wrong and unjust, —
Not for self, but the people,
His trust.

His struggle was passed
Like thine own ebb and flow, —
With his pulse would his words
Come and go.

Oh, for strength of thee, Ocean,
To have borne him through all
Till he smiling rose up
From his thrall!

When he looked at thee, longing,
With far, vacant gaze,
Did a weird sense number
His days?

And his strong heart grow still
When that hour came to be,
And his soul go forth chainless
To thee?

Ah! for him it is well,
From his agony free,
Tired, wasted, at rest
By the sea,

Yet grieve on, restless sea,
To thy desolate strand,
For the stricken ones left
In this land.

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A VOICE FROM NO. 1.

THE TRIBUTE OF A TRAMP TO HIS BOYHOOD'S COMPANION, NOW MOURNED BY AMERICA'S MILLIONS.

BY R. K. KERNIGHAM.

[From The Toronto Evening News, Sept. 20.]

This morning an old gray-headed drunkard, who for years has haunted the cells, sprang up suddenly as he overheard the police talking of the death of Garfield. "Is Jim dead?" he asked. "Why, I knowed Jim. Him and me went to school together and used to fight and learn to spell at the same school. Poor Jim." The tears flowed down the cheeks of the miserable wretch, who started in life with the same chance as he whose death last night cast a gloom over a whole planet. He seemed utterly broken down, and, asking for pencil and paper, he penned the following uncouth tribute: —

I'm the same age ez Garfield wuz,
  And I went to school with him,
And here I be in No. 1,
  While millions is mournin' Jim.
I knew him better'n I know you;
  He lived next farm to us,
But he was good as the wheat, and I
  Waz allus a worthless cuss.

Why, I can remember Jim,
  When he driv an Erie mule,
And I would stand on the banks and say,
  Wall, you're a thunderin' fool;
But on he'd go like a meadow lark,
  And whistlin' a Methodist hymn,
And here I be in No. 1,
  While millions is mournin' Jim.

I went down, and he went up;
  It's queer when I come to think,
But he would never go on a whirl,
  And he never learned to drink.
I tell you what, there must have been
  A lot of sand in Jim,
For here I am in No. 1,
  While millions is mournin' him.

Why, blame it, I remember Jim
  In rags and such, when I
Was dressed like any dry good clerk
  And reckoned pretty fly.
I had a chance to climb the hill,
  God never gave to Jim;
Yet here I am in No. 1,
  While millions is mournin' him.

Why didn't they go to work and shoot
  A worthless cuss like me?
But he, poor chap, was fit to die,
  Which isn't my case, d'ye see?
I wish that I was dead and gone,
  Once more along of Jim,
But here I am in No. 1,
  While millions is mournin' him.

MORAL.

Because you're ragged don't be afraid,
  But allus remember Jim,
Stick to the right and go ahead,
  And you'll come to something like him.
Keep a stiff upper lip — never get drunk,
  Allus be strong and true,
And you'll never be locked in No. 1,
  And millions may mourn for you.

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HORACE—GARFIELD.

BY DR. ABRAHAM COLES.

[From The Newark Daily Advertiser.]

Horace is said to have been a great favorite of the lamented Garfield. A day or two since a scholar, fresh from the reading of the Thirtieth Ode of the Third Book, wherein the poet, a privileged egotist, confidently predicts the perpetuity of his own fame (in his case remarkably verified) thought it strange that no one had noticed the peculiar applicableness of the verses to the late President. That they do admit of an easy application, to some extent at least, is indeed quite manifest, of which the explanation is to be found in the striking similarity of the lots of the two men. Horace speaks of himself elsewhere as the child of poor parents, "*pauperum sanguis parentum*," and here as having risen to eminence from a mean estate, "*ex humili potens;*" and so after he had become the intimate associate and bosom friend of the first men of Rome, and in high favor with Augustus himself, he took no pains to conceal the fact of his humble birth. He was noted for his vigorous common-sense and his consummate mastery of expression. The parallel thus far is exact. But Horace was a Pagan and not a Christian. The only immortality he knew was an earthly immortality to be derived from his writings. Those words of the sixth line of the Ode, so powerful in their brevity, and which are so much more significant in the mouth of a Christian believer, would form an appropriate inscription for the tomb yet to be erected to Garfield—

"NON OMNIS MORIAR!"

CARMEN XXX.

EXEGI monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar! multa pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam. Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus,[1]
Et qua pauper aqua Daunus agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis, et mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens Melpomene, comam.

[1] Now Ofanto in Apulia. Horace was born on its banks. Daunus, a legendary king, ruled over the southern part of Apulia, as the Aufidus flowed through the western.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

I'VE reared a monument, alone,
More durable than brass or stone
Whose cloudy summit is more hid
Than regal height of pyramid;
Which rains that beat and winds that blow
Shall not have power to overthrow,
Nor countless years that silent smite,
Nor seasons in their onward flight.
I will not, when I yield my breath,
Die wholly! much escaping death.
I will increase, my fame shall grow,
Be fresh in aftertimes as now,
And while the silent vestal shall
Climb with the priest the Capitol.
I—risen from a low estate
To be both powerful and great,
Where swift Ofanto's waters roar,
And Daunus reigned rude rustics o'er—
Shall be declared and honored long
As one who first the stream of song
Led down from its Æolic head,
To run in an Italian bed.
Put on that pride, Melpomene,
By merit so befitting thee,
To me propitious be alway,
And bind my hair with Delphic bay!

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GARFIELD.

BY PELEG MCFARLIN.

[From The Middleborough Gazette.]

THE star has set! The loved, familiar star,
Which, from the zenith, with effulgent ray,
But now shone full, and poured its wealth afar,
Banished the darkness, and proclaimed the day!

Hushed is the potent voice! No more we hail
The manly port that faced the shafts of war:
Scarcely we dreamed that golden mind could fail
Wherein was coined the nation's righteous law.

He sleeps! And o'er his consecrated bier
The hearts that knelt and prayed the Lord to save,
In spirit bow. The cypress and the tear
Attest the world-wide love that guards his grave.

From yon low hovel in the virgin West
We saw him mount the toilsome steeps of Fame,
Till Victory's light shone full upon his crest,
And crowned, with all her stars, his goodly name.

Though standing high on his imperial plane,
He never blushed at thought of menial birth,
But, sent his love through all the wards of pain,
And sought to lift the toiling sons of earth.

He was our friend; in truth we knew him well,
Though to his hand we never pressed our own,
How much we loved him words but vaguely tell,
Or how his worth upon our hearts had grown.

Struck down at noon! We weep, and mourn him dead;
Hard by the scenes that marked his lowly birth
His grave is made; the tender prayer is said;
And thus his mortal charms are lost to earth.

But, while the world shall cherish what is pure,
Or give its sanction to a noble thought,
The name and fame of Garfield shall endure
In all the triumphs which his life hath wrought.

Nay, mourn him not, nor weep above his mould!
The light and glory of his ample fame
Shall gild the ages with a finer gold,
And live while earth reveres a martyr's name!

SOUTH CARVER, MASS.

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THE SORROW OF THE NATIONS.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

[From The Philadelphia Times.]

THERE's darkness over every land,
The hearts of men are failing:
Man takes his fellow by the hand,
In nearer brotherhood they stand,
For all the earth is wailing.

There's sorrow in the hut and hall;
The bells of death are tolling:
The sun is hidden by a pall;
In whelming billows, over all
The tide of grief is rolling.

Loved Britain's queen of grace and worth
The proudest thrones of power —
The millions high or low in birth —
Yea, all the peoples of the earth
Are one in sorrow's hour.

'Tis not that bloody-handed war
A nation's strength has broken;
No pestilence has swept the shore,
Nor famine left in any door
Its grim and deathly token.

A cruel, vile, accursed blow
The world's great soul has smitten;
It laid the man heroic low,
And lines of deep and bitter woe
On countless hearts are written.

Up to the Majesty on high
Unceasing prayer ascended;
And kneeling millions wonder why
A righteous God should let him die
For whom their prayers contended.

'Tis true a serpent strikes the heel,
And man lies down to perish;
And swift diseases from us steal
The loved and loving, till we feel
This life has naught to cherish.

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Yet, world of weeping! question not
Whatever God ordaineth:
He cannot err, no matter what
The seeming strangeness of the lot, —
The LORD JEHOVAH reigneth!

FUNERAL ODE.

BY CHARLES G. FALL.

LIFE'S fitful fever's over, and he sleeps;
Those weary days and wasting nights are o'er;
The nation bows its stricken head and weeps;
But mind and nature could endure no more.
Around his grave shall mourning thousands stand
As long as men love manhood and true worth;
His name's a household word throughout the land
That honors high endeavor more than birth;
While Learning mourns a lover, who ne'er knew
A holier fount than her Pierian spring;
Philanthropy, a suitor ever true,
Who brought the richest gifts that he could bring;
While Statesmanship stands mute with head bowed down;
And Friendship, with religion hand in hand;
And Eloquence bestows her golden crown;
The poor, the weak, and lowly of the land
Stand 'round his bier, in sorrow to proclaim
How much of worth's enshrined in Garfield's name,
While queens and emperors join the wide acclaim.

When anxious sleepers heard the midnight bell
The sad news toll, they shudd'ring held their breath
And wildly listened to the funeral knell
That said another had met Lincoln's death.
The young recalled the story of his life,
And courage took from his sublime endeavor.
Brave women wept, remembering his poor wife
And orphan boys — the nation's wards forever.
The patriot trembled lest an equal fate
Might slay the other, praised the patient heart
That while less worthy men rose in the State
His time abided and bore well his part.

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His brilliant life repeats the old, old story,
There is no royal road that leads to glory,
Through Fame's grand corridors and marble halls,
Her fretted vaults and wide, resplendent walls,
On her Parnassian heights together wander
The minstrel Homer and Prince Alexander,
Patrician Cæsar and love's boy Leander.

The mother mourns her last-born; and the wife,
Who loved the school-boy with his ruddy face,
And shared his fortunes through the bitter strife
Which raised him from the cabin to the place
That Webster longed for and that Calhoun lost,
Must drag out life in loneliness and grief,
Recalling all the pain this glory cost,
With slight remembrance that can give relief
Except her martyred husband's love and name.
Since God pronounced the primal curse of toil,
Though wise men often ask, "What, what is fame?"
Philosophers have burnt the midnight oil,
And poets wandered through wild Fancy's realm,
And Justice pleaded for some wretched life;
In storms the patriot held his country's helm,
While some grand Hampden braves war's fiercest strife;
But what the learn'd and reverend seer thought true
This lonely widow's heart reëchoes too:
"Shadows we are and shadows we pursue."

OUR PRESIDENT.

BY C. B. BOTSFORD.

And still he languishes, the nation's head,
With Christian fortitude upon his bed.
He prostrate lies while millions raise the prayer
That God our President beloved will spare.
His varying pulse the nations daily feel,
And watch, with trembling joy, the signs of weal;
They pray for him, for his heroic wife —
To home and country, spare, O God! his life.
A sympathy, sincere and deep, world-wide,
Resistless as the ocean's rising tide!

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A spectacle remarkable, unique
And grand, — no ancient ruler could bespeak!
The striding world doth stop and hold his breath,
And cries, spare him, remorseless tyrant, Death!
Our God grand ends from small beginnings sees;
Resultant causes bind his wise decrees.
Herein man's hope, the sphere of faith and prayer,
The Father's love excludes the child's despair.
Conspicuous in the nation's highest seat
Are fortitude and resignation sweet,
All luminous with Christian faith and hope.
Ah! who shall say, with unbelief profane,
All this is not within the *lawful* scope
Of Providence, and to the world's great gain!

BOSTON, Sept. 6, 1881.

ANSWERED.

BY C. A. L.

[From The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

"*We asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him, even length of days forever and ever.*"

THROUGH the long summer days,
Through each slow hour,
Humbly a nation prays,
"Thine is the power."

"This life we ask of Thee,
Rare as fine gold;[1]
Ask it unceasingly, —
Wilt Thou withhold?"

Deeper the shadows grow;
Still, still we cry,
"Why Thou to hear so slow, —
Canst Thou deny?"

Lo, the dread death-blow falls,
O stricken — bowed,
List to a voice which calls
E'en from the cloud!

"Not years of days and nights
Mid earth's dark strife,
But, on the sunlit heights,
Fulness of life."

Ended mortality,
Care, toil, and pain;
This the reality, —
Losing to gain.

Stand not in human pride
Prayerless and dumb;
Say not, "In vain we cried;"
Answer is come.

Say not, "Breath vainly spent, —
Death and the clod;"
Say, "A bright spirit went
Straight to its God!"

SEPT. 20, 1881.

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[1] I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir. — *Is.* xiii. 12.

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ELBERON.

BY GEORGE FRANCIS DAWSON.

The wounded chief supinely lay,
Worn out with pains, and ashen gray.
What mocks his weary eyes each day?
The deadly calm at Elberon.

O stifling calm! O furnace air!
Despite the kindest, tenderest care
And hopeful-seeming round him there,
A deep gloom rests on Elberon.

"Blow, healthful breezes! Fresh winds, blow!"
The nation prays — "Blow high, blow low;
Give but a chance for hope to grow,
And lift the pall from Elberon!"

Two nations pray; all England's race,
The past forgotten, now embrace,
And supplicate that, of God's grace,
This cup shall pass from Elberon.

The healthful wind responsive blows,
The cooling rain in torrent flows,
The anxious face more hopeful grows,
With stiff sea-breeze at Elberon.

The ocean waves swell strong and high,
The sullen mists are all blown by,
A bow of promise spans the sky —
God's sun smiles fair on Elberon.

Days come and go; the rosy morn
Now mocks that frame by anguish torn —
Those deadly pangs so nobly borne —
Thy breeze avails not, Elberon!

Gethsemane's blood-sweat and pain
And prayer and tears were all in vain;
We shall not see our chief again —
A sigh breathes over Elberon.

They tell us "Hope is not yet dead" —
But while they speak the shadows dread
Of Azrael's wings are widely spread
Above the cot at Elberon!

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O worn-out hero! tired chief!
Death gently comes and gives relief,
And all the world is filled with grief—
Toll, midnight bells of Elberon!

Poor, aged mother — wailing sore
In far Ohio, him she bore —
God's peace to thee! 'Twill soon be o'er —
"God's will" is "done" at Elberon.

And thou, O stricken wife, art seen
Upheld as wife hath rarely been!
Sweet words are those from England's Queen:
"God comfort you," at Elberon.

God comfort all! The pulseless clay
A weeping people bears away —
To wait the Resurrection Day —
Far, far away from Elberon.

The soul hath left the lifeless clod,
Upborne by angels — Ichabod! —
From mortal arms to arms of God,
O'er wrinkled sea at Elberon.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY J. W.

[From The London Graphic.]

Souls pure and strong from God still wing their flight
And dwell among us for a little space;
Whoso loves truth may in their beauty trace
The semblance of the everlasting light;
Too soon the beam of truth is quenched in night,
The nations in their shame their gaze abase,
Mourning that men should scorn the Heaven-sent grace,
And set all good below their narrow spite.
The great may perish, but their name endures,
A mountain beacon; by whose flame we find
The path that leads us high above the plain.
So Garfield to Columbia's sons assures
A high ensample of the equal mind,
As modest in success, as brave in pain.

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SORROW. — AN ACROSTIC.

BY JOHN SAVARY.

[From The Washington Gazette.]

LEAVE her great grief to speak in speechless stone!
Unless the painter, with an eye to form,
Can put the rainbow under feet in storm
Rolling far off, and from the clouds o'erblown,
Eminent Sorrow to the stars alone
Tending, for infinite rest. The mournful grace
Ingraved in still thoughts on her starlit face,
Around her clasps the solemn midnight zone.

Remembrance shadows her, and evermore
Under the drooping lids a trace of tears
Drawn in dim circle round the eye appears
Of the wan watcher in the Mount, as o'er-
Looking the earth to the far-shining shore.
Pending the frail thread of her spun-out years,
Her heart dreads not of Destiny the shears.

Gone is her sun and moon that shone before.
Afar the shining heights grow dark for life
Remembered only as a gracious boon.
Forever garnered from the fields of strife
Into God's garner, rest his works at noon.
Endure thy lot a little longer. Soon,
Lady of sorrow! in a better clime
Death shall ring out thy heavenly marriage chime.

OUR FALLEN CHIEF.

BY CLARA O. CASSELL.

[From The Chicago Tribune.]

SLEEP, sweetly sleep! thou great and just!
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Nations weep thy loss to feel,
Loved ones 'round thy presence kneel,
All, midst grief too great to tell,
Mourn thy loss — beloved so well —
Farewell, O great Chief, farewell!
On earth no more with us thou'lt dwell.

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Thou'rt gone forever from our sight,
Whose will was ever to do right:
Revered by all, our grief is great;
Thy loss is felt in every State;
Loving ones o'er thee will weep,
Who art not dead, but just asleep;
We'll miss thee from thy earthly home,
The angels claimed thee for their own.

DEERTON, ILL.

WHAT CAN WE DO BUT WEEP?

BY GEORGE C. WOOLLARD.

[From The Cincinnati Gazette.]

WHY thus are nations thrilled? Why swimming eyes
And vengeful hearts proclaiming grief and scorn?

Columbia bore a brood of ingrate sons,
That made of her a second Lear; that made
Her truth a lie, her liberty a tyranny;
And her glorious, well-appointed home,
A haunt of bribed and perjured Infamy.

At length she bore a goodly seeming child,
A second Moses. Him she nursed and tended;
And in due course brought-up to Man's estate:
Not man merely in form, but really man.

On Garfield's purposed arm Columbia leaned;
And, while her ingrate sons, among themselves,
For bitter strife could not divide their spoils,
She bade him gird himself to loose her chains.
Oh, what her joy! Oh, how her great heart beat,
When he had manliness to stand his mother by!

"Now let my soul be comforted! My land
Be purified; and let sweet Peace and Rest
Bless all my borders." Thus she said; and thus
Would it have fared, but that the wolfish horde
Found means to glut their vengeance.
The stealthy jackal, that hungers for the scraps
That lordlier tigers leave, struck deep his fangs
Into Columbia's savior. He fell; and then
Fell all true men in sympathy.
What can we do but weep?

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IN MEMORIAM.

BY GARLAND TURELL.

[From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

On yonder shore the willows sigh,
The winds blow soft, the birds sing low,
And o'er his grave the swallows fly,
And kiss the turf where lilies grow
And blossoms blow.

On yonder shore the moonlight falls,
And stars look down with tender eyes;
From leafy groves the cuckoo calls —
In softer tones her mate replies
In glad surprise.

On yonder shore a hero sleeps,
Where Autumn flings her golden sheaves;
And Nature o'er his slumber weeps
With dew-drops on the dying leaves,
And ever grieves.

Blow, waiting winds! Blow high, blow low,
And tell the waves what ye deplore;
And sing, ye waters, as ye flow,
"He sleeps, he sleeps on yonder shore
Forevermore."

STRANGULATUS PRO REPUBLICA.

[From The Christ Church Register.]

The golden honors of a nation's day
Do bud, and bloom, and fade, and pass away.
Some leave a record on the scroll of Time;
Some are engrossed upon the throne sublime.
Great deeds of mighty men are soon forgot,
Or paraphrased by hands that knew them not.
Shall we, then, give posterity the claim
To write an eulogy for *our* great name?
Shall generations yet unborn gainsay
The grandeur of the name we mourn to-day?
We pray it be not so; but every pen,
How great its weakness or how dearth its ken,
Unite to tell of him who grandly stood
The nation's martyr for the nation's good.

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DECKED FOR THE GRAVE.

BY T. G. LA MOILLE.

[From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

We deck our hero for the tomb,
And heap his bier with flowers,
While his grand spirit through the gloom
Finds amaranthine bowers.

The favored State that gave him birth
Receives her martyred son;
Carve deep the stone that speaks his worth,
And tells the prize Death won.

Let forge-flames die! Let mill-wheels pause!
Let Traffic stay her hand!
Make bare your brow! twine sable gauze!
Pray ye through all the land!

Pray for his stricken family!
Lament our nation's woe!
We have the whole world's sympathy:
A true man lieth low.

We deck our Garfield for the grave,
And hide his pall with flowers;
His life — and love worked hard to save —
Leaves "influence sweet" for ours.

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

BY JOHN M. IVES.

[From The Lockport Daily Union.]

Dead, by the sounding sea!
Dead, with his laurels green!
The midnight bell, with solemn knell,
Sobs out — No dream! — No dream!
A nation's pride in dust low lies —
Oh, solemn, sacred sacrifice!

No more in pain, but well;
Healed, made whole and clean;
A noble soul, on martyr roll,
Welcomed by hands unseen
To kingdoms fadeless, peaceful, blest;
To Lincoln's side, to Heaven's sweet rest.

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For her who sits in grief
A nation's prayers uprise;
So brave and good, alone she stood
And battled death with steadfast eyes.
O God, give strength in this dark hour,
Come to that soul with precious power!

Earth's fleeting fame, how poor;
Eternal gain, how sure!
In place of Joy, sad Sorrow walked;
With trusting Hope the Spectre stalked;
And grief, and gloom, and prayers and tears,
Alternate with a people's fears,
Arose and fell through summer days,
Until, mid sad September's haze,
The message comes, and we are dumb.

LOCKPORT, N.Y., Sept. 20, 1881.

"GOD BLESS THEM."

BY MRS. E. T. HOUSH.

[From The Louisville Commercial.]

THE church bell was calling the hour of prayer,
And its notes peeled through the casement, where
Our stricken President lay.
"*They are praying for me!*" as he turned his head,
"All the people are praying for you." — "*God bless them!*" he said.

In every home, by the sea or the land,
Had gone up the cry from the waiting band, —
"God save the President!" But from him no sigh,
Only "*God bless them!*" — "*They'll not let the old soldier die.*"

Were the prayers that rose from the myriad throng,
But as incense to lift the soul so strong
Out from the clay — away from the strife —
Upward to God, and Heaven, and Life —

That deeper than night lies a gloom o'er the earth?
For the bravest and truest that ever had birth,
Comes to its bosom for shelter and rest.
Gently hold him, oh, mother, to thy loving breast!

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Fall the sod lightly, tenderly! We bring to thee,
A treasure most cherished! Ah, never to be
Prayed for again! All the watching is o'er!
Safe from all pain, from all harm, evermore!

The prayers for him ended: but one prayer still breathes on,
Though the lips are as dust, and their spirit is gone,
'Tis the prayer that he whispered. — "*God bless them!*" he said,
"*God bless them!*" God's blessing can never be dead.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY W. J. H. HOGAN.

[From The Chicago Tribune.]

THIS was a MAN, whose like we seldom view, —
A Christian knight, brave, mild, and grandly true.
Under the banner of the Cross he fought,
And shamed it not by word or acted thought.
He learned long since his passions to subdue,
And, humbly kneeling, for more light to sue,
And light was given to illume the mind,
Light, whose bright beams into the tomb hath shined,
Since He who is the Light was there enshrined.
He learned to die, and as his Master rose,
With Him he triumphs o'er the last of foes.
To Judah's Lion, ever gracious Lord,
He now hath gone, to meet his just reward.
Mourn we his loss, our honored, gallant chief,
Not only in habiliments of grief,
With broken hearts that feel unuttered woe,
We know a sorrow that surpasseth show, —
Strong men and tender women sadly weep,
And little children from their sports do creep,
And add their tears, limpid as angels shed,
Drops worthy of him, the illustrious dead.
Pure was his life and honorably spent,
He wisely used the talent he was lent;
He need not strive the Master's eye to shun,
For He shall greet him with the words, Well done!
Plant at his head the green acacia tree,
As fadeless as his memory shall be:
Bright emblem of the life succeeding this,
Where souls immortal dwell in endless bliss.

ELHURST, ILL., Sept. 19, 1881.

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HIS VICTORY

BY ANNIE D. DARLING.

[From The Boston Transcript.]

THOUGH on the waiting hush of midnight lay
The burden that the solemn bells have tolled —
Though hearts throbbed quick, as grief's imperious sway
Crushed fluttering hopes, and onward swifter rolled —
Though dark despair lay ambushed in that night,
When Death's white silence fell on conflict sore —
E'en though the taper trembling Faith upholds
With flick'ring ray makes deeper sorrow's gloom,
Shall we not read aright, and love the more,
Both God and man, and in our martyr's doom
See a great purpose — an example bright
For coming ages? But for pain's sharp fire
That purified his gold, the nation's cry
For help, that all our pleading prayer enfolds,
We should have failed to reach the best desire —
And so our share in this, God's victory.

REST.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA DIMITRY RUTH.

[From The New Orleans Democrat.]

SPEAK low! The out-spent heart is pulseless now!
No room save for vast pity's might;
Death's signet lies upon the strong, white brow;
The hero chief rests — conquered in the fight.

Slain, in the hour of his highest trust,
His work undone — untold forever more;
While Freedom weeps above his coffined dust,
Two nations mourn his end from shore to shore.

O thou, who most need'st bear this searching blow,
Lift up thy soul to the eternal shrine;
Fate comes not, to thy home, a bitter foe;
God will not fail to watch o'er thee and thine.

And he, who passes from the gaze of all,
Leaves of his life a record grand and fair!
Borne to his rest with drum-beat and with pall,
His memory shall be a people's care.

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IN MEMORIAM.

BY C. B. SCHLIE.

[From The Cincinnati Enquirer.]

CEASE, stricken country, in thy daily toil,
And let the merchant's busy hum be hushed;
Rest on your ploughs, ye servants of the soil,
E'er with the brown of honest labor flushed.

For Death — grim lover of a shining mark —
Has lowered his pinions o'er a nation's head;
Like thief at night he came, and in the dark
Went forth the dreaded whisper: "He is dead!"

Ah! toll the bells, and let their muffled voice
Chime with the mournful throbbing of our hearts!
Deep runs our grief; lost is a nation's choice;
And through our breast a nameless sorrow starts.

Ah, mourn thy loss, Columbia! He was great
In all those virtues that in man abide;
Adored at home, high honored in his State —
The nation's ruler, but the people's pride!

Peace to thy ashes, suffering martyr, peace!
Thy race of troubles, joys, and griefs is run;
Rest on thy laurels, rest, dear soul, at ease,
Rest from thy labors — well and nobly done.

Sleep the long sleep that waits the brighter day,
And gives surcease from sorrow, grief, and woes!
Sleep with the just, where Mercy holds her sway,
And Virtue to her crown eternal goes.

Sad are our hearts; ah, soon thy well-known form
Will rest in mother earth — thy dust to dust;
Thy voice no more will guide us in the storm,
Nor cheer the stricken people — late thy trust!

But in our hearts immortal thou shalt be,
And fresh and green thy memory with us live:
Thine all the homage of a nation be,
Thine all the love a people loved can give!

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A TIDE.

BY KATHERINE HANSON AUSTIN.

[From The Providence Journal.]

"The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." — Isaiah, xi. 9.

FROM heart to heart a solemn surge
Has blessed a hemisphere.
Its waves are throbbing with a dirge
The farthest isles can hear.

Oh, prophet-heart of long ago
That yearned for tides of good,
To-day, we, too, prophetic know
What meaneth brotherhood.

Can e'er this tender flood subside
And leave a desert plain?
Not such its ebb. Still higher tide
Foresee our love and pain.

THE LAST VICTORY.

BY ESTHER BERNON CARPENTER.

[From The Providence Journal.]

O THOU, the loved, lamented dead!
Not vainly on thy sacred head
The chrism-drops of woe were shed!

By the dear life-blood's ruddy rain;
By the dread ministry of pain;
By the long chafing of the chain;

By the keen pang of hope denied;
By love and longing crucified;
By the last ebbing of life's tide; —

We praise Thee, Lord of life and death,
God of our prayers, God of our faith,
That Thou hast lent frail mortal breath,

A heart so true, a soul so tried,
Care, strife, and anguish vainly vied
To quell the spirit's hero-pride.

Life's rugged labors bravely learned;
Life's dearer trusts right nobly earned;
Life's triumphs on his 'scutcheon burned.

Oh! what for him hadst Thou in store?
The soldier's, statesman's meed he bore;
Lacked he yet aught of honor's lore?

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Lo! he the strife had yet to see
With pain, with woe, with agony;
Came he not forth in victory?

Shall not, O God, this martyr-breath,
E'en as Thy sure word witnesseth,
Deny the victory to Death?

Guide Thou our hearts; oh, set us free
From doubts and fears; give us to see
This last, sublimest victory!

WAKEFIELD, R.I.

VANITY OF LIFE.

A PARAPHRASE.

BY JOHN SAVARY.

[From The Washington Gazette.]

WHATSOEVER thy hand finds to do,
That do with thy might;
For there is no work and no wisdom
In the grave, and no light.
With the living, we know, there is hope:
But he who doth fare
To the dim under-world is forgotten, —
No knowledge is there.

Not the race to the swift, the battle
Is not to the strong;
Not bread to the wise, to the knowing
Do riches belong.
How the best of this world and the basest
Are yoked for all time,
In a marriage of fate, or of chance,
By folly of crime!

We live in a world strangely solemn
Of spirit and sense;
No man knows the time of his going,
Nor whither, nor whence.
As I looked on the wasted remains
Of the friend of my youth,
I mused of him somewhere unchanged as
Our Garfield, in truth!

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Most truly to him was the light sweet,
And pleasant the sun;
He rejoiced in the wife of his youth,
In honors hard won.
He stood in the noontide of glory,
As raised to a throne;
Then dropt like a star from the zenith,
At midnight, alone.

Remember, my son, thy Creator,
In the days of thy youth;
Ere the evil days, and the years
Draw nigh thee, in truth.
Ere the sun, and the moon, and the stars,
In time become dark;
As the lamp of the spirit in man
Grows dimmer, a spark.

In the day when the windows are darkened
To those who look out;
When the beam of long life to the poiser
Hangs trembling in doubt:
When the locust at length is a burden,
And terrors ally;
For as the tree falls, be admonished,
Henceforth it must lie.

When he looks to behold the return
Of clouds after rain;
When the lining of silver is sable,
And pleasure is pain;
When the daughter of song and of music
By eld are brought low:
Man goes to his long home, and the mourners
About the streets go.

Or the silver cord loose, or the golden
Bowl break where it fell;
Or the pitcher be broke at the fountain,
Or wheel at the well;
Shall return to the earth as it was,
The body to dust;
And the spirit return unto God,
The abode of the just.

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AT THE WINDOW.

Elberon, N.J., Sept. 13 and Sept. 20, 1881.

BY REV. JOSEPH A. ELY.

BESIDE the window looking o'er the sea
He lay, on whom the people's heart was set
As never yet
The hearts of millions in the mystery
Of love and longing to one heart were bound;
Encompassing him 'round
With ceaseless vigil, till each whispered word
The wide world heard,
And every weary groan
Was echoed by a nation's sympathizing moan.

Beside the window looking o'er the sea
He lay, in that unequal fight with death;
And every breath
That blew across his couch we prayed might be
A minister of strength to him again
And victory over pain,
As in his heart he felt anew the joy
That as a boy
Was his, when on his dreams
The far-off ocean rose to tempt him with its gleams.

Beside the window looking o'er the sea
He lay, and heard the restless billows roar
Along the shore;
And far across the waves, where silently
The distant waters stretched, his eager eye
Sought the encircling sky,
Or lingered where with snowy wings outspread
The swift ships sped,
Nor knew whose longing gaze
Was following them, unseen, upon their devious ways.

Beside the window looking o'er the sea
He lay, but uttered not what thoughts awoke,
What voices spoke,
Through those days shadowed by eternity,
Within his struggling heart. Yet as a star
In silence from afar
Sheds o'er the heaving deep that lies below
Its tranquil glow,
So on his troubled breast
The light of some far realm of quiet seemed to rest.

Beside the window looking o'er the sea
He lay, nor knew that all the world was bright
With that soft light
Of love and courage, strength and purity,
That from his chamber with such radiance streams
To cast its cheering beams
O'er every sufferer's path and show the way
Through night to day,
And 'mid the wrecks of earth
Disclose the budding honors of immortal birth.

Beside the window looking o'er the sea
He lay, and felt anew each earthly bond
And every fond
Affection of his home more tenderly
Because so soon to part. And all his hope
Grew wider in its scope
At that fell touch which turned it all to dust,
And yet in trust
He yielded to his doom
And with unfaltering step went downward to the tomb.

Beside the window looking o'er the sea
He lay, eyes closed and hand upon the breast,
At last at rest.
Without, the changeless ocean ceaselessly
Sobbed on the beach, but not for him its wail;
His honors cannot fail;
The stars of earthly fame that burn for him
Can ne'er grow dim:
For us the mournful cry
Who seek in vain below that which has passed on high.

Beside the window looking o'er the sea
He lies no more; to-day with loving hand,
Far from the strand,
Amid a nation's grief his form will be
Laid in its grave; but his heroic soul,
So fashioned to control,
Enthroned above among the eternal spheres,
Through distant years,
Ruling with gentle sway,
Shall guide the land he loved upon its onward way.

Beside the window looking o'er the sea
He still shall lie, wearing his sorrow's crown,
And gazing down,
As from pure realms of light, with vision free,
Across the troubled waves of human life
And all its bitter strife.
The noise of faction at his feet shall cease,
Awed into peace,
And purified by pain
The stricken nation from his death new life shall gain.

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HEALING SYMPATHY.

BY JOHN SAVARY.

How hard, in health, to be struck down and lie
All weary days and nights on bed of pain!
Harder for him of the large, active brain,
And social nature; yet, with quiet eye
Turned on the resting ocean and the sky
He hath medicinal aid, and not in vain,
From singing leaves and plash of silver rain,
Soothed by low winds and waters' lullaby.
Around his bed good angels watch and wait.
And many a king and many a potentate
Sends kindly message from beyond the sea.
And his own people will not let him be
Out of their arms of love, O God! how deep
The breathless vigil which the land doth keep!

ASSASSINATED.

BY JOHN SAVARY.

Was it for this, dear friend, that you had won
By toilsome steps your way to place and power?
For this you climbed above the clouds that lower
With lurid tempest in the rising sun
Of lawful sway, and wide dominion?
And when you stood at the consummate flower
Of all your greatness, in an evil hour,
The shot was fired, the awful deed was done!
Esteem thou hadst before, O steadfast soul,
But now thou hast thy people's love in fee.
Cold love is kindled to a burning coal
In living heat of loyalty to thee.
And if the people's prayer to God on high
Can aught avail, dear friend, YOU SHALL NOT DIE!

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GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

BY JOHN SAVARY.

How many and how great concerns of State
  Lie at the mercy of the meanest things!
  This man the peer of presidents and kings,
Nay, first among them, passed through danger's gate
In war unscathed, and perils out of date,
  To meet a fool whose pistol-shot yet rings
  Around the world, and at mere greatness flings
The cruel sneer of destiny or fate!
Yet hath he made the fool fanatic foil
  To valor, patience, nobleness, and wit!
  Nor had the world known but because of it
What virtues grow in suffering's sacred soil.
  That shot made stream with sacred pity's well,
  The ground of unity in which we dwell.

AFTER THE TRAGEDY OF JULY SECOND.

BY JOHN SAVARY.

Excitement? no; but absolute surprise:
  Astonishment that struck through all a hush
Of grim expectancy whose shadow lies
  On men like standing wood before the rush
Of roaring wind with rain and darkness, all
  Suddenly upon the people a great calm
Of perfect horror settled like a pall.

Such calms precede a tempest, and forbode
  The lightning's flash and the deep thunder's roll.
And had there been a demagogue to goad
  The waiting populace, the dark rising soul
Of ignorant "thunderheads" heaved up for warm
  Vengeance at bloody work — he might have shook
From turret to foundation stone the form
  Of stable government; — but there was no storm.

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UNDER THE DOME.

BY JOHN SAVARY.

I saw the last scene of his triumph. Well,
By all his greatness gone in that eclipse,
By doom of darkness on his brow and lips:
He lay, like Cæsar, at the Capitol, —
The fallen Cæsar of our Western Rome
Under the dome.

Slain by no Brutus, but a fiendish fool.
What toys are men, mere playthings of their fate!
How little seems all that which we call great!
He gathers here his pupils in that school
Of his hushed eloquence, a clasped mighty tome
Under the dome.

No more shall wander round his kindly glance,
Nor evermore his voice in strong debate
Shall guide and guard the councils of the State.
No more his forehead, in its broad expanse,
Shall lift itself in that sky-lighted home
Under the dome.

All day and night the great procession pours
Through the wide-leaved and open Capitol gate,
To the rotunda, where he lies in state.
On yet the billowy heads through corridors
Wander and waver, like the ocean's foam,
Under the dome.

But, hush! who comes with footsteps far away
Sounding in silence like a hollow knell,
With that bowed look of grief unutterable,
And wrapt in widow's weed, a palmer gray,
Standing at last by her dead lord alone,
Under the dome.

Draw close the veil around that last sad scene.
Her sun gone down, no morn henceforth shall rise,
Not heavy, dark with tears in those dim eyes
That hardly see the gift of England's Queen,
And that pale, patient dove o'erbrooding loam
Under the dome.

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FIFTY MILLION HEARTS HAVE BLED TO-NIGHT.

BY W. E. H.

[From The College Student.]

Oh, tell us not our hero's dead!
That death the nation's bloom has blighted!
The trembling anguish, pain unsaid,
Hang silent on the doubting breath:
While fifty million hearts have bled to-night!

The dream of health must fade to death,
And hearts must bleed that held high hope;
Upon the air there's holy breath,
The troubled souls' submissive prayer,
For fifty million hearts have bled to-night!

Our hero's dead! The voice of woe,
Where angels paused to see men pray,
Now starts the soul's most tender flow;
And this is love when strong men weep:
For fifty million hearts have bled to-night!

He came to bless the bridal-flower
When Man and Truth were wed for aye;
He bore of worth the magic power,
The love within his soul so great,
That fifty millions hearts have bled to-night!

Sad, sad the night, dark breaks the morrow,
To see repentance make its way!
The curse is won, deep burns the sorrow,
The bitter fruit our sin must bear;
Though fifty million hearts have bled to-night!

Our nation's weakness laid him low,
Him whom the world had learned to love;
He fell beneath the hellish blow,
And fostered lust has dug the grave;
Yet fifty million hearts have bled to-night!

The pang has come. 'Tis holy ground
Where men shall kneel to kiss the rod;
In softer eyes new light is found;
Pure love is won from pardoned sin;
For fifty million hearts have bled to-night!

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Rest, rest, Thou Loved One of the brave!
Gently rest in the souls of men!
Our tears shall sanctify thy grave,
And hearts on hearts record thy name:
Aye, fifty million hearts have bled to-night!

"GOD REIGNS!"

BY WALTER KIEFFER.

[From The Philadelphia Press.]

To-day a nation is in tears,
Unnumbered prayers ascend
To Him whom all the world reveres, —
The nation's Chieftain, Friend.
From bell-towers over all the land
The solemn toll is heard,
And fifty million people stand
With souls profoundly stirred.

Far in the West a stricken host
Bend o'er an open grave, —
The grave of him whose truest boast
Was to be pure and brave.
Forever live on Memory's page
The sorrows of this day!
Time may perhaps the grief assuage —
We can but wait and pray.

And when long years have rolled around,
The prattling child of Now
Will, at this patriot's shrine, be found
Renewing there his vow,
That, long as life itself endure,
His study and his aim
Will be to live as true and pure
As he who won such fame.

As soldier, statesman, patriot, man,
Garfield will ever live!
Though his life was a narrow span,
He gave all man could give!
He gave his life for Freedom's cause,
In battling for the right;
In struggling to maintain the laws,
Fell in the glorious fight.

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God bless this day — this sacred day —
With useful lessons fraught;
Bless it to those who think and pray —
To those who will be taught;
For Garfield speaks from out the grave,
Speaks to a wandering race,
He tells them to be good and brave,
And every duty face!

He tells them, too, with angel voice,
"God reigns!" and then he gives
The words that make the land rejoice —
"The government still lives!"

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY ARTHUR WILKINSON BRICK.[1]

He began life as a canal boy,
With scarcely a cent to his name,
But by virtue and manly honor
He rose to distinction and fame.
He was blessed with a Christian mother,
Who labored, with all her might,
To teach him to hate all evil,
To pray, and to love to do right.
In the war of the great rebellion
He rose to a General's rank;
His mother's teachings he never forgot,
To meanness he never sank;
His morals were perfectly spotless;
His honor was bright as the sun;
He climbed to the top of the ladder,
Although at the foot he begun.
He was placed at the head of the nation;
He was honored in every way;
He was looked upon by the people
As the greatest man of his day.
He was shot by a cruel assassin.
There were millions of hearts that bled
When the sad, sad news was made known to the world:
James Abram Garfield is dead.

[1]Arthur Wilkinson Brick, aged 14 years. Died suddenly of diphtheria, Jan. 16, 1882. He was the son of Riley A. Brick, Esq., of New York City.

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ENTERED INTO REST.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

[From The Independent.]

SOLDIER, statesman, scholar, friend,
Brother to the lowliest one,
Life has come to sudden end,
But its work is grandly done.
Toil and cares of state are o'er;
Pain and struggle come no more.
Rest thee by Lake Erie.

Nations weep about thy bier,
Flowers are sent by queenly hands;
Bring the poor their homage here,
Come the great from many lands.
Be thy grave our Mecca, hence,
With its speechless eloquence;
Rest thee by Lake Erie.

Winter snows will wrap thy mound,
Spring will send its wealth of bloom,
Summer kiss the velvet ground,
Autumn leaves lie on thy tomb:
Home beside this inland sea,
Where thou lov'dst in life to be;
Rest thee by Lake Erie.

Strong for right, in danger brave,
Tender as with woman's heart,
Champion of the fettered slave,
Of the people's life a part.
To be loved is highest fame.
Garfield, an immortal name!
Rest thee by Lake Erie.

All thy gifted words shall be
Treasured speech from age to age,
Thy heroic loyalty
Be a country's heritage.
Mentor and thy precious ties
Sacred in the nation's eyes.
Rest thee by Lake Erie.

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From thy life and death shall come
An ennobled, purer race,
Honoring labor, wife, and home,
More of cheer and Christian grace.
Kindest, truest, till that day
When He rolls the stone away,
Rest thee by Lake Erie.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

OUR MARTYR PRESIDENT.

BY REV. N. VANSANT.

THE nation's hero, hail!
The nation's bitter wail
Rends the blue sky!
Shot by a dastard hand,
The surging, seething land
Mutters in high demand,
"The wretch shall die!"

The nation's patient, hail!
Laid low, a victim pale
Of murd'rous art;
Alternate hope and fear,
Alternate smile and tear,
Disclose in tokens dear
The nation's heart.

Still the meek sufferer, hail!
Must human means all fail,
Healing to give?
"Alas!" the hushed winds sigh,
"Alas!" sad millions cry,
Contrast of Faith's reply,
"He yet shall live!"

The nation's victor, hail!
Men still with God prevail,
Princes in power;
Brave will that death defied!
Brave wife breasting the tide!
Bold prayer turning aside
The fatal hour!

Pride of the nations, hail!
All hearts the tragic tale
Moves e'en as one;
Rulers and peoples grieve,
Kings, queens, their tributes give.
All join the cry, "Long live
Columbia's son!"

Our honored chieftain, hail!
Ascending high the scale
Of earthly fame;
The land with joy ablaze,
Millions their pæans raise!
To God be all the praise,
In Jesus' name!

The new-crowned martyr, hail!
Death's deep and shadowy vale
Is safely passed;
The end delayed so long,
But made the nation strong,
And heightens glory's song
In heaven at last!

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., Sept. 21, 1881.

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IN MEMORIAM—J. A. G.

BY LUCY M. CREEMER.

[From The New Haven Register.]

CONSIGNED to earth; the last sad rite is o'er;
The solemn bells at length have ceased to toll;
The stricken nation sits with bended head,
For, still reverberating through its soul,
Are mournful echoes of the bells' sad chime,
And only can the healing hand of Time
Reach down to comfort us.

That great, calm soul has found the Infinite;
The brave, true heart, that only sought His will
And all the nation's good, shall throb no more;
Its work is done. The finite hand is still.
But is he dead; he whom the nation weeps?
Be still, and watch, ye sufferers, he but sleeps;
Time's hand shall comfort us.

For he has left, as priceless legacy,
A spotless fame, a tender love and pure;
A deep devotion to a noble cause,
Undying faith that Right shall still endure;
And after patience, hope and courage lie
Bereft of strength and only wait to die,
Knows Time shall comfort us.

Oh, from those heights beyond our ken,
To which thine eagle soul hath flown,
Canst thou look back to haunts of men,
And know us as we would be known?
Then shalt thou see how deep our love
For thee, and all thy heart loved best;
Our earnest lives would gladly prove
The nation honors thy bequest.

From the dim future comes a potent voice:
The nation shall not cry to God in vain;
He did not die who seemed to sleep, in death,
I called him, and he came, that he might reign
In grander state; the little pomp below
Was not for such as he, "'tis empty show"—
Time's hand shall comfort thee!"

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Sept. 27, 1881.

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THAT NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

[From The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.]

It was in the midnight stillness,
While the land in slumber lay,
That the King of Shadows conquered,
And a great soul passed away.
Then the searchers after comets
Saw a meteor afar,
Flash from Elberon to heaven,
And become a blazing star.

Soon the death-knell broke the silence —
Ne'er so sad save once before —
And the still air throbbed and quivered
With the message that it bore.
Soon was heard o'er all the nation
This slow-tolling midnight knell,
And upon a nation's millions
Deeper gloom than midnight fell.

Every bell from every steeple
Told its grief with iron tongue,
Till the weird and dreadful jangle
Found no heart with grief unwrung.
"Garfield's dead!" The nation, waking,
Hears the news with aching heart,
And the nations 'cross the ocean
In our mourning bear a part.

"He is dead!" With godlike patience,
With no murmur at his fate,
With the courage of a hero,
In his manhood grand and great, —
He has gone from earthly anguish,
Where assassins cannot quest,
Where we know our noble Lincoln
Welcomes him to heaven's rest.

He is gone; his life has left us
With its lessons great and good;
But the memory remaineth
Where the bright example stood;
And that star which to the heavens
Shot from earth that dismal night,
O'er a world made purer, better,
Evermore shall shed its light.

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THE SUMMONS.

BY J. G. DE STYAK.

[From The San Francisco Evening Call.]

FROM the region of light beyond the cloud
The voice of God's angel cries aloud:
Rise, warrior, cast off the thrall of clay,
For thee is dawning a brighter day.

"Courage, brave Captain, do not fear;
Thy great Commander needs thee here!"
He buckled his armor for the fray,
Like a gallant soldier, and passed away.

The sword of man to polluting rust;
The hand that wielded it gone to dust.
The soldier of man lies 'neath the sod,
The spirit's enrolled in the army of God.

Leave we the soldier to his rest
And turn to the nation, woe-opprest;
Who can measure the awful grief
Of Freedom's children for their chief?

It is not alone the wife who cries,
Not only the orphan's wails arise,
Nor the aged mother, with accent wild,
Asks, "Who has murdered my darling child?"

But every heart in this broad land
Felt the cruel stab of the murd'rous hand;
All the winds that blow o'er the rolling main
Bring on their wings a cry of pain.

Oh, Fate seems hard in its dread decrees —
As relentless to man as the cruel seas!
Oh, why should the gallant ship be lost,
And the commonest raft not tempest-tost?

O ravenous grave, are the great and good
The only ones thou wilt take for food?
For thee must our choicest fruits be ta'en
And the finest of all our flock be slain?

We bitterly cry to Thee, 'neath the rod —
Why should this come to us, O our God?
Shall the worthless live, while the true and brave
Moulder to dust in the silent grave?

SEPT. 20, 1881.

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GOD SPEED THE TRAIN.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

[From The Chicago Tribune.]

God speed the train! A People's hope;
And the Nation held its breath
As the President sped in his lifeward march
Away from the realms of Death —
Away from the torrid lea,
Away from the swamp
And the chill death-damp,
To sunshine by the sea.

God speed the train! Oh, save him now!
For his safety a Nation's prayer
Is whispering forth, from South to North,
Faith's incense on the air
For voyage safe and free —
Sweet hope and faith,
That call from death
To life by the gladd'ning sea.

God speed the train! A People's prayer
From every heart and tongue,
From city-street, from prairie-farm,
Through all our country rung,
To save from Death's decree —
From East to West,
One grand behest,
Safe to the soothing sea.

God speed the train! In solemn church,
In home, in shop, in store,
With suppliant hearts, on bended knees,
Our people all implore,
In universal plea,
A Nation's agony of grief,
Jehovah, save our wounded Chief,
Beside the balmy sea.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7, 1881.

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TO AMERICA. SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

BY HAROLD BOUGHTON.

[From Century (Scribner's) Magazine.]

Now the hard fight is done,
  Manfully striven,
And the strong life is gone,
  Asked for of Heaven:
Droop all your banners low,
Toll the bed sad and slow,
All that your grief can show
  Let it be given.

One there is more than all
  Bids you have patience, —
Sends at your sorrow's call
  Sad salutations,
Comforts your grievous need:
First-born of England's seed,
England by fate decreed
  Mother of nations.

So to the little isle
  Fragrant of heather,
Where the sweet roses smile
  Mid the wild weather,
Stretch out a constant hand,
Linking, by God's command,
Daughter and motherland
  Closer together.

OXFORD, ENGLAND.

EMBALMED.

BY JOHN OWEN.

[From The Boston Transcript.]

SUFFICE the dead to let in state remain,
  The gaze of every curious, careless eye.
  His life, by far more subtile alchemy
Embalmed, shall in our silent hearts retain
Its tranquil place, in whitest vesture lain,
  Till gentle Nature bid our bodies lie
  In darkness of the grave's captivity,
Waiting immortal freedom to attain.
O brave and patient spirit! whom we mourn
  Not as the craven who refuses to hope,
  Failing with Times's deep mysteries to cope;
We trust that thou, from earthly triumphs torn,
Shalt have another and more glorious morn
  When God's eternal gates to thee will ope.

CAMBRIDGE.

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TWO SONNETS.

BY LOUIS DYER.

I.

YET stands erect the memory of his life,
Though hateful death has felled its breathing form,
Not him, but precious still, because when warm
With all his quickening ardor, through the strife
Of fiercest war, — when in the land was rife
The tumult of wild grief, — it braved the storm
And kept him safe from evils threatening swarm.
Oh, piteous fate, that drove the envenomed knife
Of jaundiced envy through a miscreant's heart,
When peace had led a righteous man to power.
Oh, piteous fate, that lent a new-found art
And nerved a craven fool with strength to cower
Behind him, prompting, when the accursed hour
For murder came, a devil in his part.

II.

Be comforted, sad lady, if comfort be —
When life has lost all light, when hope is dead,
When death has found thy life and joy has fled
Affrighted from the woe encircling thee—
In weeping eyes which thou shall never see,
In aching hearts that now are filled with dread,
O'er which, till now, no chilling grief had spread.
In woeful concord enmities agree;
To mourn with thee the struggling world stands still,
And commerce even forgets she has no heart.
The assassin's hand had fatal power to kill
A nation's hope, but not its love. The art
Of pitying Heaven new-shapes this hideous ill,
And stirs all human-kind to take thy part.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 23, 1881.

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GARFIELD AND LINCOLN.

BY A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

[From The Springfield Republican.]

AMONG the orations and poems of yesterday, or those others which the death of Garfield has called forth, few can be more remarkable than the ode written by Mr. Alcott, of Concord, and read at the memorial meeting held in that town yesterday. He appropriately recalls in his title the auspicious custom of the Roman augurs, — than whom none were more venerable or prophetic than he, — when taking the omens for the prosperity of the people of Rome, in some great national crisis, after sacrifice had been rightly performed. Our national sacrifice has been duly made once more, as in the death of Lincoln, — not by our own act, but in the mystery of the Divine Powers themselves, who best know how to choose an unblemished victim, and when the costly rite must be celebrated. Yet from these sad offerings the seer draws salutary omens, as he examines the records of the sacrifice, and points the lesson of that devoted life.

CARMEN AUGURATUM AUSPICANS.

A Prophetic Ode after Sacrifice.

I.

O THOU, my country, ope thine eyes
Toward what the Future holds for thee.
See the brave stripling rise
From lowliest hut and poverty,
From stair to stair;
Nor hardly fix his footsteps there,
Ere he another round
Doth upward bound;
Still, step by step, to higher stair
Forward he leaps,
Broader his vision sweeps,
Till he the loftiest summit gain
A people's hope to further and maintain.

II.

But lo! as oft befalls the great,
The wise and good,
There for a moment poised he stood, —
Then passed beyond the gazing crowd
Within the folded cloud.
Wasted by weary pains
His pale remains
Now lie in state,
Swathed in his bloody shroud;
Peoples and kingdoms bathed in tears:
Hear'st thou the welcome greet his ears,
As he his holier throne doth take?
This Brave of fifty manly years,
Dies he not now for thy dear sake?

III.

Oh, follow then his leading far,
Be thou thyself the morning star,
Beaming thy glories round the world,
His name emblazoned on thy flag unfurled!
What speak the myriad bells,
Tolling this day their mournful knells?
"Ne'er may our weight be swung,
Never our iron tongue
Slavery's base might extol
In town or capitol;
But o'er a people brave and free,
Ring out in happier symphony
Garfield and Liberty!"

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MAR 14

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